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Caravan Journeys and Wanderings in Persia, Afghanistan, Turkistan, and Beloochistan; with Historical Notices of the Countries lying between Russia and India. By J. P. Ferrier, formerly of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, and late Adjutant-General of the Persian Army. Translated by Captain William Jesse. Edited by H. D. Seymour, M.P. Murray.

THE adventures recorded in this volume were encountered between the months of April, 1845, and January, 1846—upwards of eleven years ago—yet they are believed to be the latest accounts which exist, from personal observation, of the regions of Central Asia. This statement extends, however, only to those countries which lie to the east of Teheran. Lady Shiel has published, as our readers may probably remember, a memoir of her husband's embassy to the Persian capital in 1849. It is precisely where Lady Shiel's journey ends that M. Ferrier's dangers and privations begin. Her ladyship traversed the high roads of semi-civilized Russia and Persia under the protection of her husband, accompanied by a numerous suite, supported by the whole weight of British influence, and welcomed with almost regal honours. The French officer penetrated into regions where law and government are unknown, across deserts peopled with barbarians, in various disguises, and often alone, exposed to the insults of fanatics, the tyranny of chiefs, the treachery of servants, and the physical evils of famine and disease. The narratives of the two travellers may be taken as supplementary to each other. The flagrant and rose-water of the lady's luxurious progress contrast powerfully with the iron hardships and hourly perils of the soldier's march.

M. Ferrier was one of that body of French officers who were despatched to Persia, after the evacuation of the British detachment in 1839, to drill and organize the army of that country. Serving there for several years, he was made Adjutant-General of the Persian army; but notwithstanding his services, and the estimation in which they were held, he got into trouble for his known opposition to Russian interests, and, as he believes, through the intrigues of the Russian ambassador was removed from his post. He returned to France in 1843. M. Guizot was then first minister, pursuing a temporizing line of policy, so that M. Ferrier failed in obtaining from him any remedy for his complaints against the Persian government. Accordingly, in 1845, he seems to have formed the idea of seeking his fortune in Lahore, where several of his countrymen were serving under Ranjeet Singh. In order to reach that country he formed the extraordinary project of making his way across Persia through Afghanistan into the Punjab. No motive is assigned, either by the author, his translator, his editor, or his annotator, for this extraordinary resolution. To reach Lahore through British India would have been an easy task; and, in the absence of any political obstacle to this course, we conclude that love of enterprise and novelty alone led the author into the extraordinary scenes he describes. He at least entered them with a full knowledge of his dangers, and with the fate of Stoddart and Conolly before his eyes. The mysterious and uncertain object of his journey appears to

have increased his difficulties. Everywhere he was suspected of being an English agent in disguise, and as that was the hypothesis which, with reason, seemed most probable to the Afghan and Belooche chiefs, it was extremely difficult for M. Ferrier to substitute any other in their minds. It is impossible to read the history without seeing that M. Ferrier's course of proceeding was not calculated to disarm their suspicions, or to furnish them with any clear ideas of his real object. However that might be, the result has been a most interesting narrative, of no little importance to the geographer, the historian, and the politician.

M. Ferrier set out from Bagdad on the 1st of April, 1845. His journey to Teheran occupied about a month. He agreed with a man who was attached to a caravan, to hire his mules as far as Kermanshah, a ten days' journey, for the sum of one toman, about ten shillings. This cheap mode of travelling brought him into contact with crowds of Musulman pilgrims, who treated him as an infidel, and with a degree of fanatical persecution that seems incredible. He was induced, also, to hire an Armenian servant, named Ivan, whom he knew to be "a dangerous man, a wrangler, obstinate, and a greedy thief," and who displayed his qualities by attempting to poison his master, in which he nearly succeeded, and by robbing and betraying him.

From Teheran the author set out upon a more adventurous journey to Meshed. He still travelled with a caravan of pilgrims, but, being now without a servant, he was compelled to cook and perform every menial office for himself. The fanatics refused to hold intercourse with the infidel except to load him with insults, whilst they despised the man who travelled without an attendant. At Nishapoor he had the satisfaction of being recognised by the governor of Khorassan, and of turning the tables upon his persecutors. Of the tribes of Turcomans and Uzbeks that invade and plunder this portion of the Persian territory, and infest the roads of the district, the descriptions of the author are most graphic.

The Turcomans, it would seem, though incapable of becoming soldiers, are the best mounted robbers in the world. Their trade is man-stealing; the Persians are their prey, and the Uzbeks the purchasers of their spoils. The following is a description of their depredations:—

"When the attack is at length decided upon, half a dozen men are selected by the chief to remain with the provisions and *yabooks*; the rest, mounted on their best horses, gallop quickly to the appointed spot, whether village or caravan, on either of which they fall like a whirlwind, and, like it, devastate and finally sweep up and carry off everything, including men, women, and children, that comes in their way; in a few minutes all is over. Incendiarism is not unfrequently their last act; and, leaving the flames and smoke to tell the tale of desolation to the distant villages, they fly with their booty, and gain the spot where they left their horses, putting from thirty to forty parasangs behind them without drawing bit; and in an incredibly short space of time reach their encampment. Their horses, accustomed to these long and rapid journeys, accomplish them without knocking up; but this is not the case with the unhappy persons who have been kidnapped: these, if few in number, are generally taken up behind their captors, or, if more numerous, they tie them on the horses they have stolen, and drive them before them until the animals drop with fatigue. The unhappy prisoners they carried are then attached by a long cord to the saddle-bow of their brutal tormentors, who drag them along, some-

times walking, sometimes running, according to the pace at which their own horses are going at the time. Woe to them who slacken their pace! for directly any show symptoms of fatigue, the head of the Turcoman's lance pricks and forces them on to further exertion; and should nature give way entirely, and they fall, they are killed without remorse. Of one hundred Persians thus carried off and obliged to march with their captors, scarcely a third reach Turkistan, or, at any rate, the spot from whence the party set out on their villanous expedition."

The training by which the horses are prepared for these trials of speed and endurance is described by the author. It is well worthy of attention, but too long for extract.

From Meshed the author proceeded to Herat, then under the government of that "shameless politician, but most able ruler," Yar Mahomed Khan. The character of this governor is well known to Englishmen, from the records of the mission to Herat that followed the memorable siege in 1838. Yar Mahomed would not be persuaded that M. Ferrier was not an Englishman. This was the language he employed:—

"'You are an Englishman,' said he, abruptly; 'I know it, why therefore concealment? Come now, tell me what are your intentions? If I have been to blame with your Government, I have a right to complain of their conduct to me; let bygones be bygones. There is something to be said on both sides; our political relations can again be renewed, and on a friendly footing, and I will be as sincere as you can have a right to expect. The duplicity that I formerly practised to Pottinger and Todd Sahebs ought not to lower me in your opinion: they excited the anger of that old drunkard, the Shah Kamran, against me; my life was at stake, and it was high time that I should defend it. I was in a state of continual alarm, but this has ceased since his death; at the present time all authority is centred in me—the Afghans are devoted to me, and I have got rid of the Persians: speak to me, then, without reserve, and if your alliance can be useful to be, mine may be of service to you."

"I knew too well the projects of the English to be sincere with them—their influence would have become far too deep-rooted at Herat to have suited me; they left, it is true, a good deal of money in the province, but not that I might profit by it. I feigned to be their dupe, but I never was. When I went out on horseback with Major Todd, I used to help him on his horse, allowed him to ride in front of me to gratify his vanity, but I filled my coffers at his expense; when he ceased to be generous, I ceased to serve him; he wished to upset me, but I sent him out of Herat, and he is now little esteemed by his superiors. Such is this world—everything is written in the book of fate; if fortune has decided in my favour, it is because God willed it so. All your armies and gold cannot contend against the will of heaven. If you have arrived here with different views from your predecessors, speak frankly; we will be friends. Pay me well, and I will be your very humble and devoted servant; but if your business here is to intrigue, I shall not permit it. Not one hair of your head will be hurt; you may even remain here if you like, but treated as you have been up to this time; you are also equally at liberty to leave Herat:—decide."

M. Ferrier could never thoroughly persuade Yar Mahomed that he was not in secret an agent of the English; however, he obtained the benefit of his protection during the next stage of his perilous journey, in which he endeavoured to reach Cabul. M. Ferrier took the advantage of the company of Yar Mahomed's chamberlain along part of his route; but was glad afterwards to separate from this official and join the company of two natives, Hazarahs, who also wanted to

reach Cabul. In this attempt they were disappointed. They penetrated as far as Balkh and Khulm, but a war had broken out between Dost Mahomed, the Emir of Cabul, and the Mir Wali, the sovereign of Khulm. Passage through a country occupied by such combatants as these was impossible; the result would have been certain death; so, under the guidance of the faithful Hazarabs, a path was struck across the mountains, which brought them back, through regions never before trodden by a European, to Herat. From hence the author again set out to reach Cabul by way of Kandahar. Here his sufferings commenced in earnest. He was accompanied by an escort furnished by Yar Mahomed, who treated him with every indignity and neglect. At length, travelling over the road and by the caravanserais which were once the English line of communication, he reached Girishk.

At this place reigned a tyrant named Sedik Khan, a son of Kohendil Khan, the governor of Kandahar. This monster imprisoned the author, robbed him of his property, exposed him to the insolence of his guard, and to the innumerable brutalities of the Afghan populace, the only alleviation of the victim's sufferings being the sympathy of a Moonshiee, or secretary of the Khan, who was under obligations to the English. To this man he owed his life. At length he was permitted, under the guidance of a brutal guard, to reach Kandahar, where he was confined as a prisoner in a dwelling of unusual beauty. In the garden of this lovely spot he was one day horrified to discover the putrifying remains of its late owner, who had been murdered, and there left unburied, merely because Sedik Khan of Girishk had no house in Kandahar, and coveted this charming abode. This man, whose name was Mirza Mahomed Wali, had also been a friend of the English during the troubles in Cabul. Surrounded by these horrors and dangers, the author remained until an outbreak of the inhabitants took place. They attributed the spread of the cholera, which then raged in the town, to the presence of a heretic, and besieged the house where the author and his guards were stationed. After some sharp fighting, M. Ferrier was smuggled out of the town, and once more arrived at Girishk, within the grasp of the rascally Sedik Khan. Here his indignities and sufferings of all kinds were renewed, his health became depressed, and his life was threatened. At last he contrived in self-preservation to enter into some compact with Sedik Khan, on the understanding that he was an Englishman, and was permitted to leave. Once more at Herat, he recounted his sufferings to Yar Mahomed, who sincerely pitied him, and gave him recommendations back to Teheran. The liberality of a nobleman of Herat, Felhi Khan, who had received favours from the English, restored to him much of what he had lost, by a present of money, guns, and horses.

The personal incidents and anecdotes in such a history are of unbounded interest. It is difficult to select from a host of strange stories. Here is a specimen of Belooche cookery:—

"The advice of Assad Khan having prevailed, we next thought of our supper, for we were nearly famished; but our provisions being all consumed, the Belooche friend of the Khan was despatched to the village for something to eat ready cooked. The messenger was not long away, and on his return produced a wooden bowl full of *kooroot* and covered

with *keskh*; into this I plunged my fingers with the rest of the company, and withdrew some of the mess, which I quickly conveyed to my mouth, and more quickly spat out again. I thought I was poisoned; but it was only the green stalks of *assafetida* preserved in salt water—to be sure not quite to my taste, and yet the inhabitants of Seistan think it a great delicacy. This ragout, and the tea of Khulm with rancid grease, are two things which I hold to be diabolical."

The particulars of Dr. Forbes' death in Seistan, and the amazing superstition of his murderer, Ali Khan, are thus told:—

"The Khan was at war with the chief of Laush-jowaine, whose people were plundering the country. Hearing me speak Persian fluently, he at first thought I was a native of that country; but when he heard I was an European, his countenance assumed a singular expression. He looked so astonished that I was prepared for the following:—'What, have you a talisman from God, or a compact with the devil, that you dare to trust yourself amongst Belooches?' 'Ah! Mohamed Reza Khan,' addressing my host, 'may you be preserved, since heaven sends you such a windfall!' The Khan Reza, observing my countenance change a little, reprimanded his neighbour for making such a brutal remark; and assured me that the rights and duties of hospitality would be scrupulously respected. Ali, however, seemed unable to understand why the chief of Sekooha should take any interest in me, or why I was under his roof; and continued to make various insinuations by no means of a friendly character. After making several observations which proved the cruelty and perfidious nature of his disposition, he gave us an account of a most malignant and cowardly assassination in which he was himself concerned."

"A few years before the date at which I am writing, he received a visit at Sheikh Nassoor from an English doctor of the name of Forbes. He had been warned of the consequences which would assuredly befall him if he ventured within the clutches of this monster, but it was of no use—he was bent upon undertaking the journey, and paid the penalty of his curiosity with his life. Ali Khan murdered him in his sleep, and hung poor Forbes' body up in front of his own tent, which he ordered to be deluged with water during fifteen days consecutively. 'You will see,' he said to his people, 'that this dog of an infidel will at last be transformed into good ducats.' Finding, however, to his great amazement, that this proceeding did not produce the expected result, he thought he would boil the water with which the corpse had been washed, but with no better effect. It then occurred to him that the doctor, to play him a trick, had, before his death, made the gold pass from his body into the clothes and books which filled his trunks. Instead of burning these impurities, which had been his original intention, he had them cut and torn up into little bits, and mixed with the mortar destined to plaster his house. He had not yet had occasion to use it, but he informed us, as he related the details of this disgusting tragedy, that when he did, he expected to see his house covered with a layer of the precious metal. Nothing would ever have induced him to forego this belief, and he did not disguise from me that he would have been happy if he could have added my poor corpse to the mortar in question."

The following singular story is related of the Indians at Herat:—

"The Indians I saw at Herat had been there for upwards of twenty years, without ever leaving it; but their wives, in almost every case, had never joined them. One of them had, however, a son of about fifteen years of age with him; and I was wondering how he came there, considering that his mother had lived at Shikarpoor for a score of years, and his father the same number at Herat, when I received a solution of the enigma from my acquaintance, Syud Elias, an Afghan merchant, who had made a good many journeys to India, and was familiar with the customs of the people of that

country. According to his showing, an Indian, when he leaves his home, leaves also a pair of pantalons with his wife, who puts them on when she is desirous of being in that condition so natural to, and, generally speaking, so much coveted by married women; no husband, it appears, would ever dream of repudiating a child obtained by this simple method: to do so would be a perfect scandal."

The author's principal contributions to geography consist in a fuller configuration of the lake Seistan, and in a description of the rivers that flow into it. One of these is the Helmund, which rises near Cabul and flows past Girishk, receiving in its course the Turnak, which flows past Kandahar. The Khash-rood also flows into lake Seistan, not into the Helmund as was supposed, as does also the Haroot-rood. The Heri-rood, the river of Herat, was also supposed to have flowed at some former period into Lake Seistan. This is shown to be impossible; it is absorbed by the innumerable canals which divert its waters for irrigation, by the soil, and by evaporation. The hitherto unknown country of the Hazarabs and Taymounis has also been described.

Upon questions of ancient geography, M. Ferrier's opinions seem entitled to great weight. We will recapitulate a few of these—Kura-Shireen he thinks may be the site of the ancient Oppidam, a town between Opis and Ecbatana; Ecbatana itself he considers to be indicated by some vast and ancient ruins at Kungawar, half-way between Kermanshah and Hamadan. The Caspian Straits he fixes without doubt at the pass of Sidaree, about twelve or thirteen miles east of Teheran, not in the mountains of Demavend, as some have imagined, where Alexander could never have marched an army. Hecatompylos is thought not to be the modern Damghan, but further east, where several roads meet: this being the true meaning of the name 'Hundred Gates.' In the environs of Herat, the author met with a tribe which had come from Kundoor, a province to the east of Balkh, and north of the Hindoo Koosh, whose language was bastard Persian. This excited his curiosity, and he discovered from conversation that they claimed to be descendant of the Greeks left by Alexander the Great (Iskander Roomi) in those regions. Further inquiries convinced the author of the truth of this statement. Their chief claimed, also with reason, to be the descendant of the conqueror himself. Artakona and Aria Metropolis, ancient cities of Aria, the author thinks are only two different names for the same city Herat; or, if different, that they lie but a short distance apart, one being the winter, the other the summer residence of the monarch, as was the case with Persepolis and Ecbatana, of which cities there were two each.

The opinions of the writer on modern politics are the last subject we propose to refer to, and they are not less interesting than any of the foregoing. Eastward of Herat, and throughout Afghanistan, traces of the English occupation occur at every step. In almost all cases he speaks of the results as highly beneficial and conciliatory. At Herat and at Kandahar the population look back with regret to the strong but just government, under which they were taxed indeed heavily, but in the presence of which oppression and plunder were unknown:—

"They remembered with gratitude their justice; their gratuitous care of the sick in the hospitals; the presents of money and clothes they received when they left them cured; the repairs of their

public works, and the extension of commerce and agriculture owing to their encouragement. These, it is true, were the expressions of a newly-conquered people. They were brave, and it was good policy to tame them with kindness; and they were certainly less taxed than other parts of the British dominions in India, though what I relate is not the less true; and after exhausting all their praises of their unfortunate conquerors, they would finish up by—"What a pity they were not Mussulmans like us; we would never have had any other masters!" After hearing such observations, is it not allowable to regret, in the name of humanity and civilisation, that the British power was not consolidated in Afghanistan, whatever means might have been employed to attain that end? For my part, I should much have preferred it to the melancholy perspective of seeing the country consigned to lasting barbarism, either in the government of its own chiefs, and the continuance of ancient circumstances, or under the influence of Russia, whose civilising tendencies are small indeed. *

"The English nation, in all ages, have prominently shown the love of wealth, and that has induced them to commit many actions not justifiable by European morality; it is not my object to defend those actions, but England has in my eyes partly redeemed the wrongs she has committed by introducing unquestionable ameliorations in the countries where she has established her power. As it is impossible for me to say the same of Russia, it is easy to understand why my sympathies are not engaged on her side. In conclusion, the other powers of Europe will only have themselves to thank for the misfortunes that these two countries may one day inflict upon them at home—Europe to one, Asia to the other; it will only be the just reward of the indifference with which they have seen their encroachments. Not that I think that the other states ought to have opposed them entirely, but they ought to have co-operated each in due proportion. It would only have required a better understanding amongst themselves; but that was too much trouble! What matter to them these unknown and distant countries? Rather than take the trouble to become acquainted with them, they thought no more about them. England and Russia could desire no better; for while others slept in delusive security, they acquired territories which doubled their power. The great European governments will not discover the evil of their want of vigilance till it is past remedy—too late for them to arrest the disastrous consequences."

In the review he gives of our Indian policy, M. Ferrier looks at the question from a French point of view. He finds in Great Britain a steady, patient, slow-and-sure system of annexation, not less ambitious than that of Russia herself, though more ceremonious in its manner, and more civilizing in its tendencies. He accuses the East India Company of endeavouring, throughout the life of Runjeet Singh, to undermine his power, and tempt him to some act which should render their interference necessary. In the alliance which we formed with the Lion of the Punjab against Dost Mahomed, he sees nothing but insincerity. He considers growth to be so necessary a condition of our Indian possessions, that we could not check its tendencies if we would:—

"The conquest of the Punjab has admirably completed the succession of invasions, and secured to her [Britain] the finest empire in the world. It would perhaps be wise were she to stop here, and be content with her present power: but can she? Does the thundering torrent arrest itself in a course where it meets with no obstacles; or even where it does? Such is the British torrent. Descending from the snow-clad summits of the Himalaya, it will yet submerge Nepal, Birmah, China, and its dependencies; turning to the East, it will once more inundate Afghanistan, and overturn the citadel of Herat. Little does this vast extension

of territory by the British empire appear to signify to the other European states; they seem perfectly indifferent, and the prophecy that it would crumble of itself, either by the effects of revolt or bankruptcy, has been so constantly repeated that the world has finished by believing it. Well, I predict that indifference will cost you, if not your liberty—because England loves liberty and practises it—at least your political independence, and you will submit to the law that you have not dared to give to this gigantic invader. She will divide the world with the other Colossus."

In all this of course Englishmen will consider that scant justice has been done them. They will ask for proofs of their insincerity towards Runjeet Singh; they will attempt to show that by no efforts could they maintain the government after his death, which they were sincerely anxious to do; in short, they will find, as they have already found, abundance of arguments to justify what has taken place. Still the opinions of a foreigner, who is at least on other subjects intelligent, just, and candid, deserve our attention.

M. Ferrier further points out, at greater length than we can describe, that the difficulties of an invasion of India by Russia have been greatly overrated by the English, following Sir A. Burnes; that the task is by no means an impracticable or unlikely one. He even goes further, and suggests how the attack may best be met, and that the line of the Indus is assailable at several points, and can never be relied upon as a barrier of military defence.

A glance at the nature of these subjects will show the unusual interest of the work, which is increased by the abilities and intimate knowledge which the writer brings to bear upon matters which, above all others, require a full understanding and ample discussion in this country.

The Owlet of Owlstone Edge: his Travels, his Experience, and his Lucubrations. By the Author of 'St. Antholin's.' J. Masters. In journeying through the homesteads and villages of rural England, it is impossible not to be struck with the respect with which the parson and the parson's wife are ordinarily greeted. Some of this may be due to the traditional reverence with which the established church is regarded, but, in our day at least, far more to the personal character and influence of those who minister at her altar. Thanks to the simplicity and purity of the institution, when not too high or too low, too broad or too narrow, the English clergy and their wives, as a class, are most exemplary, labouring honestly and unremittently in the great vineyard for the good of souls, while occupying an important place in the social system between the rich and the poor. But there are exceptions, and there are faults which seem, here and there, to mar the parochial office, and to make the inmates of parsonages less loved and honoured than they deserve to be. To expose these in a genial and entertaining manner, by a series of purposely exaggerated pictures, is the object of this little volume, and very shrewd and telling are, for the most part, the illustrations. The author affects the personality of an owlet, who looks down parsonage chimney-pots, and peeps through cracks in the shutters, and having brought his wisdom to bear on what is passing within, gives utterance to his cogitations in a series of hoots—the hoot encomiastic, melancholic, oburgatory, contemptuous, funereal, magnificent, despondent, edu-

cational, portentous, valetudinarian, and so forth.

First, we must borrow from the hoot corroborative a sketch of the good old country parson's wife, many a specimen of which is happily to be found working silently and busily among us:—

"A flight of a couple of miles from Owlstone Edge to the westward, brings us to Hallowleigh Parsonage. Peep through the crack in the shutters. The old parson is asleep in his arm chair, for he is weary, and has been trying to wade through a light article on dogmatic theology in the Quarterly 'Standard of Orthodoxy.' Mrs. Meek would be glad to have a nap too. A short doze over an antiquarian contribution upon Celts and Torques, or Dripestone mouldings, in the last number of the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' would refresh her greatly, for she too is weary; but there is a button-hole burst in the wristband of the shirt which her husband is to assume to-morrow, and a stocking to be darned, and where his comfort can be increased, even in the merest trifle, she will never posthabit it to her own.

"Very little that is exciting in such a picture! Absolutely nothing. And, to tell you the truth, Mrs. Meek has not a spark of romance in her whole composition. She has been going on in the same sort of humdrum way in which you see her to-night, for nearly forty years. She is a plain, ordinary-looking, rather stout old lady. Her notions, I fear, are somewhat contracted. She hardly keeps up with the spirit of the age. Her education was limited. I have heard her make sad work with her aspirates. She has had a fit of the gout. Her husband's income has never exceeded four hundred a year; but upon that she has reared a family of three children, who are making their way in the world, and doing their parents no discredit.

"Hour after hour, last night, did Mrs. Meek lie awake, thinking what she could do or say to make an impression on the bold bad village-girl, who has over and over again disappointed her, and who has now come home once more, more reckless and disgraced than ever. A tender heart has Penelope Meek, and the heart-ache of last night settled itself into a head-ache betimes this morning. Most ladies of my acquaintance would have lain in bed on a smaller excuse. Not so Mrs. Meek. She was up and about at her usual hour. There was the milk to be given out among half-a-score of poor families,—not much, but just enough for each to add to the comfort of the morning meal. And then there were already two or three applicants for medicine to be attended to, and a scalded foot to be dressed. Breakfast over, there was the visit to the kitchen and larder; the consideration how the scraps of yesterday could be warmed up so as to make a comfortable meal for some one in the village, who needs a meat dinner, or good broth daily; and the scheming of a light pudding, which should not be too insipid for Mr. Meek, nor too rich for the young mother recovering from a fever, and who was destined to have Mrs. Meek's own share of the superfluous dainty. A baby must have its gums lanced, and a long rigmarole must be listened to from the shoemaker's widow, who, professing inquisitiveness on the laws of apprenticeship, was secretly desirous of borrowing half-a-crown. Then Mrs. Meek posts off to 'the big school,' to hear her class, and examine yesterday's work; and thence to the infants' school, to say a few kind, encouraging words to the little creatures, who cluster round as though she were the 'mammy' of each. Then home to matters connected with the clothing club, or the lying-in charity, or the coal-fund, or some such concern. And then, almost before she has had time to sit down and rest, the afternoon's work begins. Hallowleigh is a scattered parish, consisting of several hamlets, and each hamlet must be visited in turn. And all cases of sick babies, and mothers in their confinement, and so forth,—the dressing of wounds, and those parochial affairs which are best left to female delicacy and

tenderness, devolve on Mrs. Meek, and her visits must be made on foot, and generally without the support of her husband's arm.

"Hasn't she a pony-chaise?"

"Not she! Half the parson's charities must be curtailed in order to buy oats, if that were the case. And she would be expected to make morning visits, and go out to dinners, at a distance, if she had a carriage; and then her poor people would be sufferers. 'They have a right to all my time,' says Mrs. Meek, 'and to all that I have to spend, and to all that in me can be spent.' And so her visitings are almost wholly,—so to speak,—professional. What she can do in the way of kind and thoughtful civility, and Christian courtesy, she gladly does: but visit, for the sake of visiting, she does not. And if you see her at another than a cottage door, you may be pretty sure that there is sickness or sorrow in that house, or that she is come to intercede for some penitent offender, or that she is on some mission of peace, to reconcile neighbours whom village scandal-mongers have set by the ears.

"The shadows of evening are lengthening on most days of the week before she gets home, and 'tis ten to one but she is greeted at the parsonage gate by more than one petitioner. 'Sorry to trouble her so late, but Daniel Jones' boy has drunk boiling water out of the spout of the tea-kettle;' or 'Willie Moore has been birds-nesting and has fallen out of the big elm, and is lying insensible.' Or may be it is, 'My girl Lizzy, Ma'am, is getting so masterful that we can do nothing with her at home, and the father thinks he had better bring her up here to-night, that you may give her a good talking to.' And so another hour or so is spent. I have said nothing of Mrs. Meek in her household, among her servants, yet she is as watchful over them in her homely way, as if they were her own children; nor of Mrs. Meek in her family, with her children and her husband; yet her conduct as wife and mother is not the weakest point in her character. And, such as she is, she is quite content with her lot, and has not a desire beyond it, so far as this world is concerned. Yet none can be with her, and not feel that she is one whose home is not here, and not be reminded by her words and works to those around her, that the ever present thought in her mind is that which was so beautifully expressed some thousands of years ago—'We are journeying to the land whereof the Lord hath said, I will give it you. Come thou with us, and we will do thee good.'"

By way of contrast, the author now introduces us to a parson's wife of very opposite calibre—a fine lady, reared on lavender and essence *de mille fleurs*, whose lot is cast in a locality where the pastoral work is not a little rough and rugged, the village of Slimeham-in-the-Sludge:—

"Now let us take a peep at the parsonage of Slimeham. A comfortable parlour, plenty of couches and armchairs, piles of circulating-library rubbish upon the tables, a bright, blazing fire,—for it is a cold, damp evening.

"'What a bright, cheerful blaze!' cries our old friend, Mrs. Meek. 'We haven't begun fires yet at Hallowleigh. I was thinking last night that we must soon begin to indulge ourselves.'

"'Ah!' answered a thin, plaintive, depressed voice, 'of course we need fires down here so much sooner than you do in your nice dry air. Indeed, my dear, there is hardly a night, even in the dog-days, in which I can do without a fire—so chilly and aguish, so much fog and exhalation from the—the pond at the end of the field. You know we must be unhealthy, my dear, at Slimeham-in-the-Sludge. The very name is enough.'

"'Surely no, unless you have got the thing. I've understood that there used to be ague here before the Inclosure and Drainage Act passed, but that must be near a hundred years ago. To my thinking, Mrs. Maugre, Slimeham, for a flat country, is as bright and pretty a place as one could wish to see.'

"Mrs. Maugre, a large-boned woman, of sandy

colouring, and a general predominance of drab, drew her Shetland shawl round her, and sighed.

"'I wonder what kind of coals you use,' observed Mrs. Meek, endeavouring to change the subject, 'they burn so much more brightly than ours.'

"'I'm sure I don't know, my dear. All I know is that they are shockingly wasteful, burnt out in a moment almost, and that they leave such a nasty white ash behind them, that one's dress, and everything in the room is covered with it. No such thing as good coal in these inland places: we have just a choice between slates that won't burn at all, or these things, that flare up like a tar-barrel. And such a price as we have to pay! But it's all of a piece. The climate, and the food, and the fuel!—all of a piece! I conclude that the natives don't feel it; but how persons of delicate constitutions, and who are accustomed to the comforts of civilized life, are to get acclimatized, I really can't imagine. But I suppose they don't, my dear. I suppose they sink into an early grave.'

"'Well, you know, there is old Mrs. Elmsley, the widow of the last rector but one, still a hale woman, though she is past ninety.'

"'A coarse fabric, my dear, a coarse fabric; and probably born in the village. But I am not going to inflict my distresses upon you. I must say it was extremely kind of you to take pity on me in my loneliness. Mr. Maugre away for a whole week, and not a soul to speak to within miles.'

"'Mr. Meek knew you were apt to get depressed when alone, and so he was very willing to spare me. It is quite a fine night for the time of year, and I shall have the moon to light me home.'

"'You don't mean that you intend to return to Hallowleigh to-night?'

"'Yes, thank you, I really must. There are matters to be attended to at home, which I don't like to leave to servants, and I am glad to take any labour that I can off Mr. Meek's hands. He will send John for me about nine o'clock.'

"'I can't imagine how you get through all you do, my dear.'

"'Well, I set to work rather systematically,' (Mrs. Maugre yawned) 'and there is a good deal in habit, and in determining to get through one's work. Do you know, I sometimes think that if you could go out a little more, and exert a little more, you would find an improvement both in health and spirits.'

"'Ah, if I were elsewhere it might be so, but not here. The roads are so muddy for six months in the year —'

"'Well, with a good thick pair of boots, and a linsey-wolsey petticoat, I find I can face all weathers, and even the mud on Hallowleigh Common. I wish you would make the effort.'

"'T'would be no use. I am such a bad walker, and so soon exhausted.'

"'Take more food, my dear.'

"'The butcher's meat is so very inferior hereabouts, so very unlike what I am used to, that I have no appetite.'

"'Good Mrs. Meek had very sufficient reasons for thinking otherwise, and indeed for knowing that her invalid friend was able to take three comfortable meals of meat in the course of the twenty-four hours, and a fair allowance of port wine and porter into the bargain; but she kept her own counsel, and only suggested whether if she visited the cottages and schools somewhat more, she might not find an increasing interest in the place.'

"'My dear,' was the reply, 'I really don't think it possible to get up even the shadow of an interest in respect to anything connected with Slimeham, and even if I could I would not, for of course Mr. Maugre's staying here is out of the question.'"

A character admirably drawn, and of which it is not difficult to find examples, is Mrs. Peckover, of Little Nattering, who is so strict in doing good, so persevering upon principle, that she makes goodness unattractive and

even disagreeable, yet takes a pride in her ways, and feels being disliked a sort of pledge and security that she is on the right path.

Another amusing chapter is the Hoot Gynecoeratical, in explaining which the owl says, "Why, looking at the question philosophically, I should infer that—'cratical' must have something to do with government,—and 'gyne,' from my botanical associations of 'monogynia,' must have some reference to females." In this we have an instance in which an insignificant-looking man with scant sandy hair contrived to captivate a lively heiress. Parson Gray became united to Miss Mayor, of Ladywould, who thought so much of her ancestry that she made the stipulation that her husband should assume her name in addition to his own. "Mrs. Gray Mayor was so eminently the predominating influence at Bedrule, that her husband subsided into insignificance. It was Mrs. Mayor's carriage, Mrs. Mayor's grand-pianoforte, Mrs. Mayor's plate and china, Mrs. Mayor's new flower-garden that gave importance to Bedrule Parsonage."

"It was a matter of consequence when Mrs. Gray Mayor pressed her compliments to the churchwarden, and begged him to make a rearrangement of the parochial charities. It was a matter of consequence when, without consulting her husband, she wrote to the squire on the subject of his labourers' wages. It was a matter of consequence when she began to take the curate to task about the composition of his sermons, and the omission of his aspirates, and to order him about as if he were her footman. It was of consequence when, on the ground that 'Mr. Mayor had no objection,' she remodelled the choral portion of the service on a theory of her own. It was of consequence when, of her own fancy, she popped a row of school-boys into surplices, and set a bench full of school-girls behind them in the costume of the Alps. It was of consequence when she took to aesthetics, and in the plenitude of her uncontrolled willfulness, like Ben Jonson's beldame, 'frightened the sexton out of his wits,' (and half the parish besides) with her dossels, and her pedicloths, and her ante-pendiums. It was of consequence when, in her ambition to be Puginesque, she made her husband's chancel look as if it had been decked by a mad haberdasher; and when she began to talk as confidently of hanging a chamber upon the parson himself, 'in a year or two's time,' as an artist might of draping an interesting lay-figure. It was of consequence when she assumed the government of the schools, and the almshouses, and so forth, without the smallest real reference to her husband. It was of consequence when that husband sank into—'Mr. Mayor, poor man! nobody thinks about him,' when it was Mrs. Mayor of whom counsel and advice were sought, Mrs. Mayor, whose husband in full possession of his health and intellects, was on her account, and through her system, quietly ignored.

"At this moment the question might almost be asked, 'Who is the parson of Bedrule?' Certainly Mr. Mayor or his curate officiate in the church; they baptize infants, solemnize marriages, and bury the dead. But what else do they do? Mrs. Mayor, indeed, sends the curate on messages to distant parts of the parish, and sets him upon drudgery which it would be irksome to herself to undertake; but who is the person that discharges the greater portion of the ministerial office at Bedrule, and without whose fiat nothing is done!

"Clearly Mrs. Gray Mayor is parson of Bedrule!"

In such light vein are many admirable lessons inculcated. The moral happiness of England is greatly dependent upon the energies and kindly wisdom of its parsons' wives; and though we have, God be praised, much of such Christian labour to be thankful for,

there is yet room for more instances of self-denial and self-devotion among the younger branches of the clergy-gentlewomen.

English Traits. By R. W. Emerson, Author of 'Representative Men.' Routledge and Co.

ENGLISHMEN have not the same sensitiveness that Americans exhibit about the opinions of strangers. This is partly the result of constitutional impassiveness and national pride, but it also arises from the certainty that most travellers can know little of what they profess to write about when assuming to give an account of England. Mr. Emerson himself says that "to see England well needs a hundred years." He has wisely, therefore, confined his report to scattered reminiscences and fragmentary sketches of what he saw or heard in 'the old country.' He has been twice in England: first, for a short period, in 1833; and again in 1847, from the notes of both of which visits he has prepared his 'English Traits.' A regular journal seems not to have been kept, but mere memoranda, which are now thrown into the form of detached essays, with such headings as Race, Manners, Character, Truth, Wealth, Aristocracy, Religion, Literature. Much of the matter consequently consists of afterthoughts; and though these may be very acceptable to Mr. Emerson's admirers on both sides of the water, the general reader will care more for the facts and incidents that serve as pegs whereon to hang the author's reflections and disquisitions.

When Mr. Emerson was in England in 1833, he went, as a matter of course, to see Coleridge at Highgate, of whose talk, during the hour of the visit, more is given than we care to read after all that has been reported by a hundred travellers. He went to Craignutputtock, near Dumfries, to see Carlyle, then known only by his German translations, and not yet entered on his London literary career. At Rydal Mount he saw Wordsworth, who talked much about America, abused Carlyle, and recited some of his own sonnets, which he had just composed on returning from a visit to Staffa:—

"This recitation was so unlooked for and surprising—he, the old Wordsworth, standing apart, and reciting to me in a garden-walk, like a school-boy declaiming—that I at first was near to laugh; but recollecting myself, that I had come thus far to see a poet, and he was chanting poems to me, I saw that he was right and I was wrong, and gladly gave myself up to hear. I told him how much the few printed extracts had quickened the desire to possess his unpublished poems. He replied, he never was in haste to publish; partly, because he corrected a good deal, and every alteration is ungraciously received after printing; but what he had written would be printed, whether he lived or died. I said, 'Tintern Abbey' appeared to be the favourite poem with the public, but more contemplative readers preferred the first books of the 'Excursion,' and the 'Sonnets.' He said, 'Yes, they are better.' He preferred such of his poems as touched the affections to any others; for whatever is didactic,—what theories of society, and so on,—might perish quickly; but whatever combined a truth with an affection was *κρηνα ἐς αἶα*, good to-day and good for ever. He cited the sonnet, 'On the Feelings of a high-minded Spaniard,' which he preferred to any other, (I so understood him,) and the 'Two Voices,' and quoted, with evident pleasure, the verses addressed 'To the Skylark.' In this connexion, he said of the Newtonian theory, that it might yet be superseded and forgotten; and Dalton's atomic theory. * * *

"Wordsworth honoured himself by his simple adherence to truth, and was very willing not to shine; but he surprised by the hard limits of his thought. To judge from a single conversation, he made the impression of a narrow and very English mind; of one who paid for his rare elevation by general tameness and conformity. Off his own beat, his opinions were of no value. It is not very rare to find persons loving sympathy and ease, who exalt their departure from the common, in one direction, by their conformity in every other."

These personal recollections, with an account of Greenhough, the American sculptor, and of Walter Savage Landor at Florence, are all that the writer has thought worthy of preserving from the notes of his first visit to the Old World. The occasion of the second visit, in 1847, was an invitation from some Mechanics' Institutes in Lancashire and Yorkshire, to deliver a course of lectures. Mr. Emerson records his satisfaction with the arrangements that were made, and with the reception he met with, and we know that his lectures afforded no slight gratification wherever they were delivered. Some peculiarities of opinion, as well as of manner, were to be expected, but Mr. Emerson's manly, straightforward, and unassuming tone secured the respect of his audiences, as it did ours when we heard him on two evenings at Exeter Hall. The lectures were read, and that not with much fluency or any rhetorical skill, yet fixing attention by the terse thought and philosophic earnestness of their matter. In style they were similar to the work now published, some detached extracts from which we present to our readers. Speaking of English manners, Mr. Emerson says:—

"I find the Englishman to be him of all men who stands firmest in his shoes. They have in themselves what they value in their horses, mettle and bottom. On the day of my arrival at Liverpool, a gentleman, in describing to me the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, happened to say, 'Lord Clarendon has pluck like a cock, and will fight till he dies'; and what I heard first I heard last, and the one thing the English value is, pluck. The cabmen have it; the merchants have it; the bishops have it; the women have it; the journals have it; the *Times* newspaper, they say, is the pluckiest thing in England, and Sydney Smith had made it a proverb, that little Lord John Russell, the minister, would take the command of the Channel fleet to-morrow. They require you to dare to be of your own opinion, and they hate the practical cowards who cannot in affairs answer directly yes or no. They dare to displease, nay, they will let you break all the commandments, if you do it natively, and with spirit. You must be somebody; then you may do this or that as you will."

"The mechanical might and organization requires in the people constitution and answering spirits: and he who goes among them must have some weight of metal. At last you take your hint from the fury of life you find, and say, one thing is plain, this is no country for fainthearted people: don't creep about diffidently—make up your mind; take your own course, and you shall find respect and furtherance."

"It was an odd proof of this impressive energy, that in my lectures I hesitated to read and threw out for its impertinence many a disparaging phrase, which I had been accustomed to spin about poor, thin, unable mortals; so much had the fine physique and the personal vigour of this robust race worked on my imagination."

In a chapter on 'Truth,' high testimony is borne to this as a national characteristic. The praise is out of place in regard to a virtue that seems so naturally right, that we suppose these comments are indirectly intended for the benefit of those of his own countrymen who fail in this respect:—

"Alfred, whom the affection of the nation makes the type of their race, is called by his friend Asser, the *truth-speaker*; *Alfredus veridicus*. Geoffrey of Monmouth says of King Aurelius, uncle of Arthur, that 'above all things he hated a lie.' The Northman Guttorm said to King Olaf, 'It is royal work to fulfil royal words.' The mottoes of their families are monitory proverbs, as *fare fac*,—Say, do,—of the Fairfaxes; *Say and seal*, of the house of Fienes; *Vero nil verius*, of the De Veres. To be king of their word is their pride. When they unmask cant, they say, 'the English of this is,' &c.; and to give the lie is the extreme insult. The phrase of the lowest of the people is 'honour bright,' and their vulgar praise, 'his word is as good as his bond.' They hate shuffling and equivocation, and the cause is damaged in the public opinion on which any paltering can be fixed. Even Lord Chesterfield, with his French breeding, when he came to define a gentleman, declared that truth made his distinction: and nothing ever spoken by him would find so hearty a suffrage from his nation. The Duke of Wellington, who had the best right to say so, advises the French General Kellermann, that he may rely on the parole of an English officer. The English, of all classes, value themselves on this trait, as distinguishing them from the French, who, in the popular belief, are more polite than true. An Englishman understates, avoids the superlative, checks himself in compliments, alleging that in the French language one cannot speak without lying."

"At St. George's festival, in Montreal, where I happened to be a guest, since my return home, I observed that the chairman complimented his compatriots, by saying, 'they confided that wherever they met an Englishman, they found a man who would speak the truth.' And one cannot think this festival fruitless, if, all over the world, on the 23rd of April, wherever two or three English are found, they meet to encourage each other in the nationality of veracity."

Equally decided in his censure as in his praise, Mr. Emerson speaks of the respect for wealth in England:—

"The respect for truth of facts in England is equalled only by the respect for wealth. It is at once the pride of art of the Saxon, as he is a wealth-maker, and his passion for independence. The Englishman believes that every man must take care of himself, and has himself to thank, if he do not mend his condition. To pay their debts is their national point of honour. From the Exchequer and the East India House to the huckster's shop, everything prospers, because it is solvent. The British armies are solvent, and pay for what they take. The British empire is solvent; for, in spite of the huge national debt, the valuation mounts. During the war from 1789 to 1815, whilst they complained that they were taxed within an inch of their lives, and, by dint of enormous taxes, were subsidizing all the continent against France, the English were growing rich every year faster than any people ever grew before. It is their maxim, that the weight of taxes must be calculated not by what is taken, but by what is left."

"With this power of creation, and this passion for independence, property has reached an ideal perfection. It is felt and treated as the national life-blood. The laws are framed to give property the securest possible basis, and the provisions to lock and transmit it have exercised the cunningest heads in a profession which never admits a fool. The rights of property nothing but felony and treason can override. The house is a castle which the king cannot enter. The Bank is a strong box to which the king has no key. Whatever surly sweetness possession can give is tested in England to the dregs. Vested rights are awful things, and absolute possession gives the smallest freeholder identity of interest with the duke. High stone fences, and padlocked garden-gates announce the absolute will of the owner to be alone. Every whim of exaggerated egotism is put into stone and

iron, into silver and gold, with costly deliberation and detail."

The remarks of Mr. Emerson, under the head of Aristocracy, the Universities, and Religion, we pass over, as we consider him not well qualified for writing on the subjects. Of the English nobles he says, that they are men "born to wealth and power, who have run through every country, and kept in every country the best company. They survey society as from the top of St. Paul's, and if they never hear plain truth from men, they see the best of everything in every kind." An afternoon in the playground of one of the great schools would have taught Mr. Emerson how the titled nobility keep their level in the general aristocracy of England. A lord has far less importance in this country than he would have in America, if deficient of ability or of wealth. As to the Universities, we know there is much room for reform, but this American is rather strong in his exaggeration when he says of the Oxford Convocation:—

"I do not know whether this learned body have yet heard of the Declaration of American Independence, or whether the Ptolemaic astronomy does not still hold its ground against the novelties of Copernicus."

The remarks on literature are not so attractive as might have been anticipated, and the best thing that we find to quote is what is said of modern English poetry:—

"The poetry, of course, is low and prosaic; only now and then, as in Wordsworth, conscientious; or in Byron, passionate; or in Tennyson, factitious. But if I should count the poets who have contributed to the bible of existing England sentences of guidance and consolation which are still glowing and effective—how few! Shall I find my heavenly bread in the reigning poets? Where is great design in modern English poetry? The English have lost sight of the fact that poetry exists to speak the spiritual law, and that no worth of description or of fancy is yet essentially new, and out of the limits of prose, until this condition is reached. Therefore the grave old poets, like the Greek artists, heeded their designs, and less considered the finish. It was their office to lead to the divine sources, out of which all this, and much more, readily springs; and if this religion is in the poetry, it raises us to some purpose, and we can well afford some staidness, or hardness, or want of popular tone in the verses."

"The exceptional fact of the period is the genius of Wordsworth. He had no master but nature and solitude. 'He wrote a poem,' says Landor, 'without the aid of war.' His verse is the voice of sanity in a worldly and ambitious age. One regrets that his temperament was not more liquid and musical. He has written longer than he was inspired. But for the rest, he has no competitor."

"Tennyson is endowed precisely in points where Wordsworth wanted. There is no finer ear, nor more command of the keys of language. Colour, like the dawn, flows over the horizon from his pencil, in waves so rich that we do not miss the central form. Through all his refinements, too, he has reached the public—a certificate of good sense and general power, since he who aspires to be the English poet must be as large as London, not in the same kind as London, but in his own kind. But he wants a subject, and climbs no mount of vision to bring its secrets to the people. He contents himself with describing the Englishman as he is, and proposes no better. There are all degrees in poetry, and we must be thankful for every beautiful talent. But it is only a first success when the ear is gained. The best office of the best poets has been to show how low and uninspired was their general style, and that only once or twice they have struck the high chord."

With the chapter on 'The Times' newspaper we have been more pleased than with any other in the book. Journalism is a subject on which an American like Mr. Emerson is qualified to speak, and it is really interesting to have the result of his observations of the newspaper press of this country as contrasted with his own:—

"The power of the newspaper is familiar in America, and in accordance with our political system. In England it stands in antagonism with the feudal institutions, and it is all the more beneficent succour against the secretive tendencies of a monarchy. The celebrated Lord Somers 'knew of no good law proposed and passed in his time to which the public papers had not directed his attention.' There is no corner and no night; a relentless inquisition drags every secret to the day, turns the glare of this solar microscope on every malfeasance, so as to make the public a more terrible spy than any foreigner; and no weakness can be taken advantage of by an enemy, since the whole people are already forewarned."

"The most conspicuous result of this talent is the 'Times' newspaper. No power in England is more felt, more feared, or more obeyed. What you read in the morning in that journal you shall hear in the evening in all society. It has ears everywhere, and its information is earliest, completest, and surest. It has risen year by year, and victory by victory, to its present authority. I asked one of its old contributors whether it had once been abler than it is now? 'Never,' he said; 'these are its palmiest days.' It has shown those qualities which are dear to Englishmen, unflinching adherence to its objects, prodigal intellectual ability, and a towering assurance, backed by the perfect organization in its printing-house, and its world-wide net-work of correspondence and reports. It has its own history and famous trophies. * * *

"The influence of this journal is a recognised power in Europe, and, of course, none is more conscious of it than its conductors. The tone of its articles has often been the occasion of comment from the official organs of the continental courts, and sometimes the ground of diplomatic complaint. What would the 'Times' say? is a terror in Paris, in Berlin, in Vienna, in Copenhagen, and in Nepal. Its consummate discretion and success exhibit the English skill of combination."

Upon the faults of the 'leading journal' the author thus comments:—

"The 'Times,' like every important institution, shows the way to a better. It is a living index of the colossal British power. Its existence honours the people who dare to print all they know, dare to know all the facts, and do not wish to be flattered by hiding the extent of the public disaster. There is always safety in valour. I wish I could add, that this journal aspired to deserve the power it wields by guidance of the public sentiment to the right. It is usually pretended, in Parliament and elsewhere, that the English press has a high tone—which it has not. It has an imperial tone, as of a powerful and independent nation. But, as with other empires, its tone is prone to be official, and even official. The 'Times' shares all the limitations of the governing classes, and wishes never to be in a minority. If only it dared to cleave to the right, to show the right to be the only expedient, and feed its batteries from the central heart of humanity, it might not have so many men of rank among its contributors, but genius would be its cordial and invincible ally; it might now and then bear the brunt of formidable combinations, but no journal is ruined by wise courage. It would be the natural leader of British reform; its proud function, that of being the voice of Europe, the defender of the exile and patriot against despots, would be more effectually discharged; it would have the authority which is claimed for that dream of good men not yet come to pass, an International Congress; and the least of its victories would be to give to England a new millennium of beneficent power."

To 'Punch' a passing tribute of praise is given:—

"'Punch' is equally an expression of English good sense as the London 'Times.' It is the comic version of the same sense. Many of its caricatures are equal to the best pamphlets, and will convey to the eye in an instant the popular view which was taken of each turn of public affairs. Its sketches are usually made by masterly hands, and sometimes with genius; the delight of every class, because uniformly guided by that taste which is tyrannical in England. It is a new trait of the nineteenth century, that the wit and humour of England, as in 'Punch,' so in the humorists, Jerrold, Dickens, Thackeray, Hood, have taken the direction of humanity and freedom."

On the whole, we are much pleased with Mr. Emerson's sketches of England and the English. There are fewer prejudices displayed than in most American books of the class. If we meet with occasional errors of opinion and exaggeration of statement, the truth and candour of the writer are abundantly manifest; and in his expressions of goodwill to the old country, he is almost as respectful and genial as the most English of American authors—Washington Irving.

Autobiography of Sylvanus Urban. Part III. 'Gentleman's Magazine' for July. J. H. and J. Parker.

WHATEVER belongs to the life of Samuel Johnson has an enduring interest for all lovers of literature. The *Autobiography of Sylvanus Urban*, in the new series of the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' has revived some recollections of his early labours. The main facts of Johnson's connexion with Cave, the founder of the Magazine, are familiarly known to all readers of Boswell. While these are now narrated in historical order, there are also introduced some minute details which have hitherto escaped the Johnsonian biographers:—

"Johnson made his first overture to Cave in the following remarkable letter:—

"November 25, 1754.

"Sir,—As you appear no less sensible than your readers of the defects of your Poetical Article, you will not be displeased, if, in order to the improvement of it, I communicate to you the sentiments of a person who will undertake, on reasonable terms, sometimes to fill a column."

"His opinion is, that the publick will not give you a bad reception, if, besides the current wit of the month, which a critical examination would generally reduce to a narrow compass, you admitted not only Poems, Inscriptions, &c., never printed before, which he will sometimes supply you with; but likewise short Literary Dissertations in Latin or English, critical remarks on authors ancient or modern, forgotten Poems that deserve revival—or loose pieces, like Floyer's, worth preserving. By this method your Literary Article, for so it might be called, will, he thinks, be better recommended to the publick, than by low jests, awkward buffoonery, or the dull scurrilities of either party. If such a correspondence will be agreeable to you, be pleased to inform me, in two posts, what the conditions are on which you shall expect it. Your late offer gives me no reason to distrust your generosity."

"If you engage in any literary projects besides this paper, I have other designs to impart, if I could be secure from having others reap the advantage of what I should hint."

"Your letter, by being directed to S. Smith, to be left at the Castle in Birmingham, Warwickshire, will reach

"Your humble servant."

"Cave answered this letter, as appears by his own indorsement, on the 2nd of December, but in

what terms I cannot tell—probably responding not very eagerly, as no immediate results ensued. It was not unnatural that Cave should pay little attention to the advice of an anonymous, or pseudonymous, stranger, whose exordium was in so grating a note as to hint at 'defects in your poetical article,'—defects which the writer might presume to be admitted by the offer of prizes for compositions of a superior quality, but of which Cave himself was scarcely conscious. In fact, so strong did we already consider ourselves in this respect, that we were accustomed to fill monthly with Poetry seven or eight closely compacted pages, in which often more than thirty pieces were presented to our readers.

"Johnson meanwhile, during the years 1735 and 1736, pursued his irksome labours as a country schoolmaster. He admired and appreciated the Magazine, and considered that it was well calculated to make known his professional wants. Accordingly, the following advertisement twice appeared in its pages:—

"**A T EDIAL**, near *Litchfield*, in *Staffordshire*, Young Gentlemen are Boarded, and Taught the *Latin* and *Greek* Languages, by

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

"After the failure of this school, on the 2nd of March in the following year Johnson started from Litchfield for the metropolis in company with one of the very few pupils he had taught at Edial, but one whose name was destined to become as widely celebrated as his own—the future tragedian, David Garrick. Garrick came to study the law. Johnson brought in his pocket his unfinished tragedy of *Jem*, which was brought on the stage, by Garrick's aid, twelve years after.

"Mr. Boswell thought that Cave was the first London publisher who employed Johnson. I cannot undertake to supply the deficiency of information that is felt on this point. But Johnson had struggled on during four months in London, earning some scanty maintenance from Wilcox, or Lintot, or other parties, before he addressed himself to Cave. Two years and eight months had elapsed from the date of his anonymous letter already cited, before he first wrote to Cave under his real name, on the 12th of July, 1737. He was at this time lodging in 'Church-street, Greenwich, next door to the Golden Heart,' and described himself as 'a stranger in London,' who, having observed Cave's 'very uncommon offers of encouragement to Men of Letters,' begged to propose to him the plan of a new translation of Sarpi's 'History of the Council of Trent.' I am still unable to relate what reception was given by my friend Cave to this second application of Johnson. He entertained the project for Sarpi's History about a twelvemonth later; but in the summer of 1737, Johnson returned to Staffordshire. Before the end of the same year he was again in London, and had taken up his residence in Woodstock-street, near Hanover-square. It was in the month of February, 1738, that he at length obtained the favourable ear of Mr. Cave. Our rivalry with the 'London Magazine' was then at its height. Cave's friends proffered their encouragement in the most acceptable form—in poetical tributes; and Johnson, having discovered this avenue to my worthy parent's esteem, addressed him (in my person) with his Latin ode

AD URBANUM.

"This ode, which is well known to the readers of Boswell, was inserted among our 'Poetical Essays' in March, 1738, with the author's initials, S. J."

It was shortly after this that Johnson addressed to Cave his memorable letter, with which was sent 'London, a Satire,' as a poem placed in the publisher's hands "to dispose of for the benefit of the author." Dodley, on being consulted by Cave, offered ten guineas for the copyright. "I might, perhaps (Johnson afterwards told Boswell), have accepted of less, but that Paul White-

head had, a little before, got ten guineas for a poem, and I did not like to be less than Whitehead." 'London' was immediately out to press at St. John's Gate; and in the Magazine for May, under the usual head of Poetry, appear some extracts, as from "a poem become remarkable for having got to the second edition in the space of a week." About seventy lines are quoted, the first passage being—

"Here malice, rapine, accident, conspire,
And now a rabble rages, now a fire;
Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,
And here the fell attorney prowls for prey;
Here falling houses thunder on your head,
And there a female atheist talks you dead."

The fatal accident this week in the City, within a stone's throw of the seat of civic government, shows how applicable still is the satire of one of these lines. The last passage quoted suggests reflections on the mutations of empires, and on the new history of the world opened up by emigration since Johnson's days:—

"Has Heaven reserved, in pity to the poor,
No pathless waste, or undiscovered shore,
No secret island in the boundless main,
No peaceful desert—yet unclaimed by Spain?
Quick let us rise, the happy seats explore,
And bear Oppression's insolence no more."

From this time Johnson was one of the regular poetical contributors to the Magazine, and as he wrote anonymously, it is possible that some of his pieces have escaped detection. There are certainly some from his pen besides those reprinted in his collected works.

"Johnson's first prose contribution that can now be recognised appeared in the Magazine for July, and bore the signature EUBULUS. It is headed 'Remarkable Example in a Prince and Subject,' and its contents are extraordinary. Beginning with directing attention to some interesting matters to be found in Du Halde's 'China,' of which Mr. Cave was then printing a translation made by Guthrie and Green, it proceeds to relate an occurrence which had recently occurred at home—when, at the baptism of King George the Third, the Marquess of —, as the Lord of the Bedchamber then in waiting, had successfully asserted his claim to stand as proxy for the Elector of Hesse, the child's maternal grandfather, although the Prince of Wales had at first appointed 'a noble Duke.'

"In the Magazine for Nov. 1738, appeared (signed S. J.) 'The Life of Father Paul Sarpi, author of the History of the Council of Trent: for printing a new Translation of which, by S. JOHNSON, we have published proposals.'"

The opening paragraphs of the Letter on Du Halde's book are characteristic. It is addressed to Mr. Urban (p. 365, vol. viii., 'G. M.' 1738):—

"There are few nations in the world more talked of, or less known, than the Chinese. The confused and imperfect account which travellers have given of their grandeur, their sciences, and their policy, have, hitherto, excited admiration, but have not been sufficient to satisfy even a superficial curiosity. I, therefore, return you my thanks for having undertaken, at so great an expense, to convey to English readers the most copious and accurate account, yet published, of that remote and celebrated people, whose antiquity, magnificence, power, wisdom, peculiar customs, and excellent constitution, undoubtedly deserve the attention of the publick.

"As the satisfaction found in reading descriptions of distant countries arises from a comparison which every reader naturally makes, between the ideas which he receives from the relation, and those which were familiar to him before; or, in other words, between the countries with which he is acquainted, and that which the author displays to his imagination; so it varies according to the

likeness or dissimilitude of the manners of the two nations. Any custom or law, unheard and unthought of before, strikes us with that surprise which is the effect of novelty; but a practice conformable to our own pleasures us, because it flatters our self-love, by showing us that our opinions are approved by the general concurrence of mankind. Of these two pleasures, the first is more violent, the other more lasting; the first seems to partake more of instinct than reason, and is not easily to be explained or defined; the latter has its foundation in good sense and reflection, and evidently depends on the same principles with most human passions.

"An attentive reader will frequently feel each of these agreeable emotions in the perusal of Du Halde. He will find a calm, peaceful satisfaction, when he reads the moral precepts and wise instructions of the Chinese sages; he will find that virtue is in every place the same; and will look with new contempt on those wild reasoners, who affirm that morality is merely ideal, and that the distinctions between good and ill are wholly chimerical.

"But he will enjoy all the pleasure that novelty can afford, when he becomes acquainted with the Chinese government and constitution; he will be amazed to find that there is a country where nobility and knowledge are the same, where men advance in rank as they advance in learning, and promotion is the effect of virtuous industry; where no man thinks ignorance a mark of greatness, or laziness the privilege of high birth."

Du Halde's book was published in 1738, in two volumes folio. Johnson, who had been employed by Cave to write this preliminary advertisement, afterwards selected passages for publication in the Magazine. This selection of extracts formed no unimportant part of his first literary labour. The examination of the prize poems was another of his duties, and he began also to superintend the reports of the parliamentary debates of the Senate of Lilliput.

On Johnson's companionship with Savage, Mr. Urban makes the following comments:—

"It has been said that Johnson formed his acquaintance with Savage at St. John's Gate. I do not think that was the case. Savage was a person so thoroughly known throughout the literary world of London, that I believe he had been introduced to Johnson before the latter found his way to Clerkenwell, and that they were already intimate associates during Johnson's first sojourn in London in the year 1737. Whatever doubts may have arisen on the point, Savage was certainly 'the friend' who, in the exordium of Johnson's satire on London, is described as 'injur'd Thales,' then about to 'bid the town farewell,' and fix his residence 'on Cambria's solitary shore.' It is true that Savage did not actually leave London for Swansea until some time after, nor, when he started, did he embark upon the Thames; but his intention of leaving was talked of long before it was executed; and it is remarkable that we can trace both Savage and Johnson to a residence at Greenwich. 'The seat that gave Eliza birth' was familiar to each of them; and why should we doubt that they had visited it in company!—

"On Thames's banks, in silent thought we stood
Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood."

The lines which have been thought to point to Savage's unfortunate homicide with a satire too severe for friendship:—

"Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feast,
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest;—

are in fact (with the preceding couplet) derived directly from the original passage in Juvenal, besides that they had too many other and more exact fulfillments in modern life than the fatal accident of Savage, to convey any particular reflection upon him. On the other hand, the following lines, put into the mouth of Thales, exactly describe Savage's sentiments of independence:—

"But what, my friend, what hope remains for me,
Who start at theft, and blush at perjury?
Who scarce forbear, though Britain's court he sing,
To pluck a titled poet's borrow'd wing;
A statesman's logic unconvinced can hear,
And dare to slumber o'er the Gazetteer;
Despise a fool in half his pension dress,
And strive in vain to laugh at Clodius's (originally
H—y or Hervey's) jest."

"The allusion in the second of these couplets to plucking the wing of the 'titled poet,' or laureate, who sang the court of Britain, is applicable to no one with the like meaning, or with much meaning at all, but to the author of the 'Volunteer Laureate.' There are some remarkable passages in Johnson's description of Savage's precarious mode of life, which give a painful picture of what he endured, and Johnson in some measure shared:—

"He lodged as much by accident as he dined, and passed the night sometimes in mean houses, which are set open at night to any casual wanderers, sometimes in cellars, among the riot and filth of the meanest and most profligate of the rabble; and sometimes, when he had no money to support even the expenses of these receptacles, walked about the streets till he was weary, and lay down in the summer upon a bulk, or in the winter, with his associates in poverty, among the ashes of a glass-house.

"In this manner were passed those days and those nights which Nature had enabled him to have employed in elevated speculations, useful studies, or pleasing conversation. On a bulk, in a cellar, or in a glass-house, among thieves and beggars, was to be found the author of 'The Wanderer,'—the man of exalted sentiments, extensive views, and curious observations,—the man whose remarks on life might have assisted the statesman, whose ideas of virtue might have enlightened the moralist, whose eloquence might have influenced senates, and whose delicacy might have polished courts."

"Whoever was acquainted with him was certain to be solicited for small sums; but he always asked favours of this kind without the least submission or apparent consciousness of dependence. 'When once gently reproached by a friend,'—and there is no doubt that friend was Johnson himself,—'for submitting to live upon a subscription, and advised rather by a resolute exertion of his abilities to support himself,' he could not be persuaded to relinquish the plan he had formed for a life in the country, of which he had no knowledge but from pastorals and songs. Such was the man who, deeply versed in all the phases of London society, and twelve years the senior of Johnson, offered irresistible attractions to the inquiring and reflective mind of the young author of 'The Rambler.' It was Savage's accomplished skill in 'all the graces of conversation' that formed his great merit in the eyes of Johnson. 'He was never vehement or loud, but at once modest and easy, open and respectful; his language was vivacious and elegant, and equally happy upon grave and humorous subjects.' 'He was naturally inquisitive,' and as ready to impart as to ask for information:—

"Such was the man (remarks Boswell) of whom it is difficult to speak impartially, without wondering that he was for some time the intimate companion of Johnson; for his character was marked by profligacy, insolence, and ingratitude; yet, as he undoubtedly had a warm and vigorous, though unregulated, mind, had seen life in all its varieties, and been much in the company of the statesmen and wits of his time, he could communicate to Johnson an abundant supply of such materials as his philosophical curiosity most eagerly desired. [Here follows the passage as to St. John's Gate, the literal accuracy of which I have already controverted.]

"It is melancholy to reflect that Johnson and Savage were sometimes in such extreme indigence that they could not pay for a lodging; so that they have wandered together whole nights in the street. Yet in these almost incredible scenes of distress, we may suppose that Savage mentioned many of the anecdotes with which Johnson enriched

the life of his unhappy companion and those of other poets.

"He told Sir Joshua Reynolds that one night in particular, when Savage and he walked round St. James's-square for want of a lodging, they were not at all depressed by their situation; but, in high spirits and brimful of patriotism, traversed the square for several hours, inveighed against the minister, and resolved they would stand by their country!"

"Savage died at Bristol on the last day of July, 1743, and in the Magazine for the following month Johnson announced his intention to write his Life. It appeared as an octavo volume in February, 1744, and it placed its author's reputation as a prose writer as high as his poetical fame had been raised by his 'London.' Cave gave him for this book the sum of fifteen guineas. Shortly after, Mr. Walter Harte, author of a 'Life of Gustavus Adolphus,' was dining with Cave, at St. John's Gate, and in the course of conversation highly praised the new book. When Cave next met him he remarked, 'You made a poor man very happy to-day.' 'How could that be?' replied Harte; 'nobody was there but ourselves.' Cave reminded him that he had sent a plate of victuals behind the screen: there sat Johnson, who did not choose to appear, on account of the shabbiness of his dress; but he afterwards expressed high delight at the encomiums on his book which he had overheard."

This was in 1744, six years after he had written his 'London.' We may add here the portion of Johnson's obituary memoir of Cave which refers to the early days of the 'Gentleman's Magazine.' It appeared in 1754, and was reprinted in 1781. After describing Cave's previous occupations, Johnson says:—

"By this constancy of diligence and diversification of employment, he in time collected a sum sufficient for the purchase of a small printing-office, and began the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' a periodical pamphlet, of which the scheme is known wherever the English language is spoken. To this undertaking he owed the affluence in which he passed the last twenty years of his life, and the fortune which he left behind him, which, though large, had been yet larger, had he not rashly and wantonly impaired it, by innumerable projects, of which I know not that ever one succeeded."

When Johnson revised this memoir in 1781, he spoke of the 'Gentleman's Magazine' as having then subsisted for fifty years, and still continuing to enjoy the favour of the world. The venerable periodical still flourishes in healthy vigour. The manner in which the new series is being conducted justifies the anticipations we formed and the good wishes we expressed when the Magazine passed into the hands of its present publishers. Nor can Mr. Urban be cheered by better words than those of Johnson in 1738:—

"Urbane, nullis fesse laboribus,
Urbane, nullis victæ calumnie,
Cui fronte serium in eruditâ
Perpetuo viret et virebit."

The Barber's Shop. By Richard Wright Procter. With Illustrations by William Morton. Manchester: T. Dinham and Co.

THE barber's shop is a place almost within the precincts of the Temple of Learning. It may be said to be on the confines of Trade and of Philosophy. The time is not far remote in this country when barbers and churgeons formed one guild, the united names in the civic corporation pointing to the former union of the two functions. We have heard a navy surgeon, who was with the British fleet in Holland in 1794, describe how the Dutch pilot came to his cabin,

expecting, as a matter of course, to be shaved, and expressing surprise to meet with a doctor who was useless for so important an operation. Science has long ago renounced connexion with the tonsorial art. But the associations of the barber's shop with literature are not so easily cast off. How many recollections does the craft awaken in the literature of all ages! Not to go to older times of Greece or of the East, the classical scholar remembers Horace's adventure with the *vacuus tonsor*, and Cicero's allusion in one of his orations against Catiline,—how every little barber's shop was interested in the safety of the Republic. Visions of the Arabian Nights' tales, and of Don Quixote and Mambrino's helmet, and of poor Partridge in 'Tom Jones,' and of the Figaro of Beaumarchais, and a hundred associations besides, are conjured up by one who muses on this theme. For gossip and news too—the Notes and Queries of the day—the barber's shop is an institution of the country, especially before the age of cheap newspapers arrives. Nor has the information of the barber been occasionally awaiting for national as well as local politics. George III. used sometimes to amaze Dundas when he came to transact business about Scotland, by referring to topics that it seemed to require "second sight" to get a knowledge of. It was afterwards discovered that the King got his news from a Scotch barber! But we must not ramble into a diversity of subjects, as unconnected as the talk of the place about which an amusing little volume has been published at Manchester. There is not much pretension to literary art, so that if the work is the production of a hand more accustomed to the pen than the razor, skill has been shown in adapting the style to the supposed author. The barber says, in his recollections of his customers, who were chiefly in humble life—

"If I be not familiar with public occurrences, it were strange indeed. Times almost innumerable have our naval and military combats, our victories and reverses, our Trafalgars, our Waterloos, our Corunnas, been described and recontested in my presence; by men too who had shared in the actual glory or defeat of the battles they discussed. Our favourite hero was the Napoleon. We loved the romance of the little corporal's life, and its lesson seldom troubled us. His attack upon the bridge of Lodi; his march across the Alps; his retreat from Moscow; his flight at Waterloo; his exile and death at St. Helena; were subjects of untiring interest. These, and similar scenes, floated before my eyes, like day-dreams, whilst I was yet a child, and the historical pictures have long been fixed in my recollection. If they were sunbeams and the years were all summers, they could scarcely be more frequently before me."

After referring to these aged politicians, sketches are given of some of the characters whom the author used to observe at a later period, such as one who was familiarly known by the name of Pendleton Peter:—

"He was a deaf old country weaver, and usually took out materials for the construction of silk handkerchiefs from a manufacturer's warehouse in town. The manufacturer's father had, many years previous to the date of this anecdote, made a voyage across the 'herring pond,' at the earnest solicitation of the civil authorities, who, in consideration of his ready compliance with their request, generously defrayed the expenses of his outfit. Beyond the seas he still remained; and his involuntary exile had been long forgotten, except by a few of the oldest inhabitants. Pendleton Peter was at best but an indifferent master of his art; and having on one particular occasion exceeded his native awkwardness, the condition of

the piece when finished may be well conceived. Our deaf friend was, however, a shrewd fellow, and his lack of skill he resolved to balance by cunning. Accordingly, nothing daunted, he trudged away to town, with his wallet slung across his shoulder, and arrived in due time at his destination. He elbowed his way through the crowd of impatient workpeople who obstructed the passage, and with an air of triumph placed his work upon the counter. The manufacturer, on making a scrutiny, soon discovered palpable failings. 'Why, Peter,' said he, 'you have completely ruined this piece; it is not worth a shilling.' 'So it is, meester; aw never loike praisin' mehsel, but aw sed to eawr Mally us aw wur lappin' it up, that y'd be pleus'd.' 'It's not worth a single shilling, I tell you,' stormed the man of silks. 'That's just what aw thowt,' rejoined Peter, with provoking coolness; 'aw sed to mehsel us aw wur cumming along, that y'd gie me summat extry. Why if aw didno wark weel for yo, aw should wark weel for nobody; for yo know aw wove for your feyther, afore he went abroad.' Here the master stopped him short, by placing in his hand the full amount of his earnings, exclaiming, 'Away with you home, you silly fellow, there is no driving sense into you.' And Peter marched off, well pleased with the success of his adventure; pocketing, at the same time, the reward of a convenient deafness.

A notice of more historical interest is that of Thomas Hayes, from whom Arkwright is said to have borrowed his great invention:—

"With a small act of justice to the memory of a wronged and very ingenious man, I shall conclude this desultory chapter. It is believed by some, doubted by many, and denied by those best informed in the matter, that Sir Richard Arkwright was a great inventor. We numbered amongst our earliest trade connexions the son and grandson of Thomas Hayes, of Leigh, in Lancashire. The son, who during the best portion of his life was a soldier on foreign service, has been some years dead, but with the grandson I still maintain a pleasurable acquaintance. I have frequently heard the subject of inventions canvassed and described. I had peculiar facilities for arriving at the truth touching one important question to the mechanical world; to the 'cotton metropolis' in particular. The result is a conviction on my part, that Thomas Hayes was the legitimate inventor of the wealth-creating water frame, or throstle; of which Arkwright and others reaped the benefit. The simple history of the man and the invention, is as follows:—Hayes was a reed-maker and weaver, with a passion and capacity for mechanics that would not be denied. They engrossed his thoughts and time to such an extent that the simple manufactures of the reed and loom were neglected. The sleep of many nights was broken, the income of many days curtailed, for the indulgence of his intellectual hobby. Mistress Hayes did not admire his studying for the million. She feared—as well she might—the million would prove a bad paymaster. The phantom honours and visionary rewards of futurity for her possessed no charms. She remembered the fable of the bird-in-hand, and preferred the commonplace and servicable. Husband and wife often argued this matter of fact *versus* fancy, with varying resolutions, but with one unvarying result. Nature was too powerful for Hayes. Study, and plan, and invent, he must; he could not, if he would, give over. He first brought to light a rude spinning machine, which he christened after his daughter, Jenny. This he shortly abandoned, and dedicated his entire energies to the construction of the water frame. Here, after infinite labour, disappointment, and anxiety, he was completely successful. Then came Arkwright, and treachery. Kay, the clock maker, who had made wheels and other requisites for Hayes, was induced to make similar ones for Arkwright. Arkwright was a more pushing, presuming man than Hayes; and ultimately the improver pushed the originator out of the market. The after-life of both these men

belongs to history. Hayes was assisted in his old age by a few private individuals who knew his merits, and what was better to the purpose, knew how to reward them. His income was at first about fifty pounds a year, but it dwindled down to a mere trifle; for he outlived some of his patrons, and the gratitude of others died early. At the time of the great trial touching Arkwright's patent, Hayes was employed in superintending the erection of machinery for Baron Hamilton, at Balbriggan, in Ireland. When Hayes was subpoenaed as a witness, the baron judiciously advised him not to attend unless rewarded with a liberal annuity; but Hayes preferred relying upon the generosity of the Lancashire mill owners, and the result is shown. The descendants of the struggling genius remain, like himself, toiling and ill-paid artisans; whilst to the heirs of the clever tactician are allotted honour and almost fabulous wealth.

"I regret having to speak thus harshly of a brother shaver; much rather would I have exalted Sir Richard as a magnet of the barber's shop; but as he engrossed all the good things during life, surely his less fortunate rival ought to have a true word spoken in justice to his memory?

"During the latter years of his existence, Thomas Hayes (not Highs, as written by Mr. Guest and others) resided in Manchester. He died December 10, 1803, at the patriarchal age of eighty-four years, and lies buried near the tomb of his friend Mr. Cowherd, in Christ church-yard, King-street, Salford."

In separate chapters are given recollections of sporting gossip, and of miscellaneous matters that fell under the writer's notice during a long professional career, but we have space only to quote some sentences which contain a sort of summary of the contents:—

"Such are a few of the incidents, scenes, and vagaries, connected with a barber's shop. It is a choice place, where persons of every denomination, Whig, Tory, and Radical, speak out boldly without constraint. It is a public, and therefore an innocent, confessional, where men heated by a little discussion, unburden themselves of thoughts that have swelled at their bosoms, nursing their wrath or tickling their fancy, perhaps for many days previously.

"If motley be your wear, the barber's shop is your place for seeing life; the shop and the barber that are free and easy, the one wearing its genial look, the other yielding to his natural impulses; not allowing pride to freeze the oil of their humour, or fashion to mar them with its mildeu.

"Yet with all these medley advantages, I could not but envy a competitor in trade, who had the privilege of shaving our philosophical magnate, Dr. Dalton, during the long period of seventeen years. The doctor, it seems, was thoughtfully silent, seldom exchanging a word with his chin operator. Nevertheless, the barber remembers the connexion with pride, and as you enter his establishment, the first thing that meets your eye is an excellent cast of the philosopher's features, placed above the towel roller.

"If the walls of a barber's shop received impressions; if they had eyes to see, and ears to hear, and could be circulated in periodical parts, Lord! what a miscellany the reading world would possess, to be sure. Phiz, Gilbert, and Company, would be ruined at one fell swoop; they might snap their crayons, and give the fragments to tiny school-boys, as they passed their studios of a morning. No illustrations, not even a vignette, could ever be required. Such breathing pictures, teeming with life, character, truth, as would there be displayed, must speak vividly for themselves. And as for circulation! talk not of 'Punch,' even in his prosperous youth, nor of the 'London Journal' in its heyday; they are as mere parodies on success. Every eye would ache for a glance, every ear be strained to listen to the contents of the 'Barber's Wall' whilst the lucky publisher would possibly be driving his carriage as a *Finis* to the first volume!"

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Early Ballads, illustrative of History, Traditions, and Customs. Annotated Edition of the English Poets. Edited by Robert Bell. John W. Parker and Son.

Beaumarchais and his Times. Sketches of French Society in the Eighteenth Century, from Unpublished Documents. By Louis de Loménie. Translated by Henry J. Edwards. Vols. III. and IV. Addey and Co.

English Traits. By R. W. Emerson. Routledge and Co.

Transactions of the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire. Vol. VIII. Session 1855-56. J. H. Parker.

Young Singleton. By Talbot Gwynne. In 2 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Vade-Mecum for Tourists in France; containing a Phrase-Book and Vocabulary. Lambert and Co.

My Pocket Lyre: the Accompaniment of a Traveller's Evenings on the Continent; with the Rock of Nice. By the Rev. J. W. Tomlinson. Judd and Glass.

A VOLUME of *Early Ballads*, in an edition of the English Poets, is a judicious and welcome novelty. Mr. Bell has already given, in his series of the poetical classics, a volume of Songs from the Dramatists—a most acceptable contribution to the records of old English literature. The ballads now collected are of still greater interest, as illustrative of national history, traditions, and customs. There are about forty ballads in the series, ranging from the close of the fourteenth to the beginning of the seventeenth century. "The object of the selection," says the editor, "is to exhibit, by a variety of specimens in a short compass, the special characteristics which distinguish our old ballad literature from other kinds of poetry, not only in its forms and diction, but in its choice of topics and modes of treatment." For this object, as well as the more popular one of illustrating old times and customs, a capital selection has been made from the stores of early ballad poetry. Most of the universal favourites of the class, such as *The Nut-brown Maid*, *Robin Hood and Allen-a-Dale*, *Chevy Chase*, *Sir Patrick Spens*, and the like, are given, and others which are less commonly known, but worthy of the attention of the historian and antiquary, as well as the lover of poetry. Brief explanatory notes accompany the ballads, and prefatory remarks with requisite historical information.

Of the *Memoirs of Beaumarchais and his Times*, originally written in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' and since revised and enlarged by M. de Loménie, the English translation is now complete in four volumes (*ante*, p. 373). We shall take an early opportunity of giving an account of the biography of this remarkable man, of whom little is in this country known apart from his celebrity as the author of the 'Marriage of Figaro.'

The *Transactions of the Lancashire Historic Society* always contain a fair proportion of papers of general as well as local interest, and some of those of the last published volume (Vol. viii., 1855-56) will be acceptable to many readers. Of archaeological and topographical papers there is the usual proportion, and also others of a miscellaneous character, including the following:—"On the State of the Western Portion of the Ancient Kingdom of Northumberland, down to the Period of the Norman Conquest," by John Hodgson Hinde, Esq. 'Liverpool: Memoranda touching its Area and Population, during the first half of the Present Century,' by J. T. Danson, Esq., Vice-President. 'On the Saxon Element, in the Diction of English Poetry,' by David Buxton, Esq. 'On the Ethnology of South Britain, at the Period of the Extinction of the Roman Government in the Island,' by Thomas Wright, M.A., F.S.A. 'On the Lepidopterous Insects of the District around Liverpool,' by Charles Stuart Gregson. 'On the Area and Population of the Manchester District,' by J. T. Danson, Esq., Vice-President. 'The English Poor Law System, viewed in relation to Education and Morals,' by the Rev. Thomas Moore, M.A." It will be seen from these, which are the titles but a few of the papers in the volume, how wide is the scope included in the objects of the Lancashire Historic Society, and its published Transactions. Many of the papers are illustrated with engravings. The reports of the proceedings of the Society at its ordinary meetings are appended to each volume. One of the papers of most popular interest is that of Mr. Wright 'On the

Early Ethnology of South Britain,' the purport of the memoir being thus stated by the learned author: "My object on the present occasion is more especially to enforce, as strongly as I can, upon ethnologists, the necessity of paying constant attention to the historical materials of their science. That branch of it which may be conveniently and properly termed craniography, is at the present time making great advances, and at the same time it is a branch which requires to be treated with extreme caution. Of course we must find our crania in the graves, or, as they are in our island usually called, the 'barrows,' of the races which are under our consideration. When we have to deal with the well-known burial places of particular races, the subject is clear and simple; but this is not always the case, especially in Britain. I have endeavoured now to make clear to you, the extreme diversity of race which existed in this island under the Romans; and, in a paper which I wrote on a former occasion, and for another purpose, I gave reasons for believing that there was far from uniformity of race before the Romans placed their feet on our soil. Nevertheless, if we could place our hands on barrows or graves in this country, and say with certainty that these belonged to the ante-Roman period, we might still classify them according to their districts, and probably derive from the examination of them certain ethnological facts. But unfortunately this is not the case, and I do not believe that there has yet been found a grave in the island to the south of the Forth and Clyde, which you can venture absolutely to declare to have been older than the Roman period, or even to be that of a Celt. It is true that there are one or two localities, such as the downs of Wiltshire, in which *probability* is in favour of the interments being Celtic, but this is still far from certain, and it would not be safe to found a system upon it. My own impression is, that we shall arrive at no important ethnological results from the mere examination of the skulls found in England in interments older than the Anglo-Saxon period; owing to the variety of races who had lived in the island contemporaneously or at different periods, and the impossibility of identifying the particular race to which any one interment belonged. With regard to the Anglo-Saxon cemeteries, there can be no doubt that they represent known races, and divisions of those races, and we can enter upon the investigation of them with certainty as to the foundation on which we build, and therefore with tolerable certainty as to the results."

Young Singleton is a very disagreeable story, to which there is nothing to reconcile us, either in the style in which it is told, or the good that may be gathered from it. A boy is sent home from India at the age of five or six, and his life at school and college, and after succeeding to his father's property, is narrated in a most prosaic way. Bad temper and evil disposition he seemed to have inherited, along with bad fortune, from his ancestors, in whose family history violence and calamity had been frequent. In the story of Richard Singleton there is little that gives pleasure, and much that is doleful, till at last he murders, or, at least, leaves a friend to perish when he could have saved him. The account of his state of mind after this event is one of the best parts of the book. "At night Singleton remained alone with his misery; the only human being in that lone house. In the rooms around him, the furniture wherewith he had furnished it for his bride, was covered with dust, standing in darkness by day and by night. Diligent spiders span many a web in the deserted apartments, undisturbed by busy brooms. In the Nabob's bed-chamber, the dark mark of blood still stained the boards; his hookah, once in daily use, stood dust-covered in a corner. House and grounds were a type of Singleton's mind; neglected, desolate, becoming more ruinous from day to day. The mind cannot be sick and sad, full of fears and remorse, without affecting the body. Singleton's delicate sensitive body was sorely shaken by his mind; his mind affected by his unstrung nerves. Let him turn his eyes whither he would; let him close them; let him cover them with his thin and

trembling hands; it mattered not: by night, by day, he ever saw before him Brownlow's pale upturned face. If he went abroad, it was there; if he came into his home again, it was there; if he opened his eyes in the darkness of night, it was there; if he looked towards heaven in the blazing sunshine, it was there also. Harassed by the spectre, he implored the surgeon to listen to his misery. He was told that it was a figment of his brain; the effect of a sickly mind, and a morbidly nervous body. Singleton tried to reason himself out of the power of the spectre. Reason was of no avail. There before his eye remained the shadowy ghastly face; so still, so fixed, so lifeless!" We quote also the closing scene of the tragic tale. "Ah!" quoth an old man in a snow-white frock, to an old red-cloaked dame, "it be all mighty well of Dr. Blenkins to say as the squire was too much afeard o' death to make away with himself, and that he fell into the water in his night rambling: I don't believe a word on't, dame; do you?" "Lor' bless 'ee no, master! They was always an unfort'nit family, 'cos of the church property: none o' them as ever I heerd tell on died nat'ral, and 'taint likely as this un should. Well! he be gone to his long home: Heaven send he may rest in peace! But I wouldn't go nigh that unked pond after dark, not for all the goold that was told by the biggest miser as ever lived; that I wouldn't!" "Nor I neither, dame! Do 'ee know who's to have all his wealth, now he be gone where he can't use it?" "Why, I heerd lawyer Small's man saying, when I was in at market yesterday, as it's all left to Squire Brownlow's little gentleman—Squire Brownlow as slipped off the cliff." The old Dame was right: little Harry Brownlow was heir to all the vast property and estates, left to him by remorseful Singleton. A hatchment was put up over the door of Singleton Hall; causing the deserted old mansion to look more haunted and dreary than ever. Richard Singleton slept with his forefathers. His sick and weary brain was at rest. Who can think, without awe and dread, of his impenitent and blasphemous soul? These passages show the author's powers of writing, but whether from carelessness or from choice of a bad theme, this novel is not worthy of the author of 'Nanette and her Lovers,' or of the 'School for Fathers.'

The Tourist's Vade Mecum contains a copious and well arranged selection of phrases on a variety of subjects, with other practical information for tourists in France and Belgium.

New Editions.

Political Economy in connection with the Moral State and Prospects of Society; with Essays on Cognate Subjects. By Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

Rhetorical and Literary Dissertations and Addresses. By Henry Lord Brougham, F.R.S. Griffin and Co.

The Dramatic Works of William Shakespeare, the Text carefully revised with Notes. By Samuel Weller Singer, F.S.A. *The Life of the Poet, and Critical Essays on the Plays,* by William Watkins Lloyd, M.R.S.L. Vol. IX. Bell and Baily.

Life and Works of Robert Burns. Edited by Robert Chambers. Library Edition. Part IV. W. and R. Chambers. *The English Cyclopædia: a New Dictionary of Universal Knowledge.* Conducted by Charles Knight. Part XLII. Bradbury and Evans.

The Life and Times of Saint Pancras, the Boy Martyr under Diocletian. By Edward White. Second Edition. Nisbet and Co.

Legends of the Christian East. By Bayle St. John. With Illustrations. Addey and Co.

THE great principle on which Dr. Chalmers rested in all his discourses on political economy, was that social evils are mainly resolvable into moral causes, and, therefore, that the removal of them can only be effected by a moral amelioration. Emigration, home colonization, and all forms of co-operative socialism, can but be temporary and partial palliatives. The best objects of social science, according to Dr. Chalmers, can only be realized by the extended influence of individual prudence and virtue among the mass of any population, and this can only be the gradual result of the extension of education and of moral training. In consequence of this connexion between the economic and the moral in social science, Dr. Chalmers thought that the clergy ought to be familiar with the leading

facts and principles of political economy. Accordingly he was in the habit, as Professor of Theology in the University of Edinburgh, to introduce into the course of training for divinity students a series of lectures on economic science, of which the substance is given in the present volume. There are few of the great questions in political economy which are not fully discussed, but always in the light of the leading principle to which we have referred. Several valuable essays, on Pauperism, Poor Laws, the Parochial System, and cognate subjects, are appended to the lectures; and also the paper on the Application of Statistics to Moral and Economic Questions, read at the Glasgow meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science in 1840. The volume ought to be in the hands of all who are interested in the economic and moral welfare of the people, and especially is suited for the instruction and guidance of the clergy on social questions.

In the series of the collected works of Lord Brougham, a volume of Rhetorical and Literary Dissertations and Addresses contains the papers from the 'Edinburgh Review' on the Greek, Roman, and English Orators, the Dissertation on the Eloquence of the Ancients, and the Inaugural Discourse on being installed Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. Also, the Discourse of the objects, pleasures, and advantages of Science; and Discourse of the objects, pleasures, and advantages of Political Science; first written as introductory to the series of works published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

Volume the ninth of Singer's Dramatic Works of Shakespeare contains *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, and *King Lear*. Of Mr. Singer's judicious prefaces, and Mr. Lloyd's appended disquisitions, we have spoken from time to time; and still reserving a general notice of the edition as compared with its predecessors, we at present only report progress, and renew our expression of satisfaction with the brief but acceptable annotations of Mr. Singer. A single page of text and notes from *Hamlet* will show to those who are yet unacquainted with the edition the system of annotation:—

"Queen. . . . Whereon do you look?
"Hamlet. On him! on him!—Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoined, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable."—Do not look upon me;
Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
My stern affect; then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.
"Queen. To whom do you speak this?
"Ham. Do you see nothing there?
"Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that I, see.
"Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?
"Queen. Yes, nothing, but, look how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he liv'd!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!"

"Queen. This is the very cologne of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy:
Is very cunning in.

"* Capable for susceptible, intelligent, i.e., would exist in them capacity to understand. Thus in *King Richard III.*—
"O, 'tis a parlous boy.

Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable."
"† My stern affects. All former editions read, 'My stern effects.' 'Effects, for actions, deeds, effected,' says Malone! We should certainly read affects, i.e., dispositions, affections of the mind: as in that disputed passage of Othello:—
"The young affects in me defunct."

"It is remarkable that we have the same error in *Measure for Measure*, Act iii. Sc. 1:—
"Thou art not certain,

For thy complexion shifts to strange effects
After the moon."

Dr. Johnson saw the error in that play, and proposed to read affects. But the present passage has escaped observation. The 'piteous action' of the ghost could not alter things already effected, but might move *Hamlet* to a less stern mood of mind.

"‡ *Ecstasy*, i.e., any temporary alienation of mind. See p. 226 ante, note 31, and *The Tempest*, note 14, end of Act II. This speech of the queen has the following remarkable variation in the quarto of 1603:—

"Alas, it is the weakness of thy brain
Which makes thy tongue to blazon thy heart's grief:
But as I have a soul, I swear to heaven,
I never knew of this most horrid murder:
But, *Hamlet*, this is only fantasy,
And for my love forget these idle fits."

The story of the life and times of Saint Pancras, the boy-martyr, under Diocletian, was delivered by the Rev. Edward White to a Young Men's Association.

tion in the Kentish Town district of the parish which has its name from the martyr. It is said that Gregory the Great sent part of the bones of Pancratius to England as a precious gift. Very possibly it was then that the name first came into ecclesiastical or parochial use. The material relics have long since disappeared, but something of the spirit of the patron-saint, the lecturer said, might still be preserved in the parish which bears his name. The subject of the lecture was well-chosen, and its matter is interesting and instructive.

The Legends of the Christian East, by Bayle St. John, are reprinted from 'Household Words,' and a very pretty and pleasant volume they make in their present form. Most of the stories are based on narratives or incidents gathered during the writer's own residence in the East, and they have therefore a freshness and life about them not usually found in the Oriental essays of Western authors. There are four lithograph illustrations, one of which represents the flying leap of a warrior with an infantine incumbrance, more wonderful than Mr. C. Kean's performance as *Rolla* in *Pizarro*.

Miscellaneous, Pamphlets, &c.

Was Lord Bacon the Author of Shakespeare's Plays? a Letter to Lord Ellesmere. By William Henry Smith. Woodfall and Kinder.

Mahometanism. By the Rev. John Gibson Cazenove, M.A. J. and C. Mozley.

The Sunday Teacher's Treasury. Edited by the Rev. W. Meynell Whittemore. Wertheim and Macintosh.

An Inquiry into the time of the Introduction and the General Use of the Potato in Ireland, and its various Failures since that Period; also, a Notice of the Substance called

Bay Butter. By W. R. Wilde. Dublin: M. H. Gill.

David and Goliath: A Martial Lyric in Sixty-six Verses. By T. H. Glamorgan of the S— C—. Godalming: T. Chennell.

MR. WILLIAM HENRY SMITH does not seem to know, or does not acknowledge, that the question, whether Lord Bacon was the author of Shakespeare's plays, has been already mooted, and, in America, much discussed. For Sir Walter Raleigh, also, the authorship has been claimed. We must leave these ingenious, but idle speculations, to triflers in literature. The substance of what Mr. Smith has to say appears in the following passage:—"That Bacon possessed the requisite qualifications for producing such works, beyond any man of that age, no one will for a moment deny. When perusing the description of the genius of Shakespeare by Pope, we seem to be reading the character of Bacon by his biographer, so identical were the powers undoubtedly possessed by the one with those exhibited in the writings of the other. That he had great dramatic talent we infer from the statement that 'he could assume the most different characters, and speak the language proper to each, with a facility that was perfectly natural; and that he had a great partiality for such pastimes is clear, for we find that he both 'wrote and assisted at masques.' In a letter to the Lord Treasurer, he expresses his regret that 'a joint masque of the four Inns of Court,' which had been intended, could not be performed; and informs him, that there are 'a dozen gentlemen of Gray's Inn, ready by themselves to offer an entertainment to the Queen.' We are also informed that, in a masque acted before the Queen, at Greenwich, in February, 1587, the 'Dumbe Shows' were 'partly devised by Maister Francis Bacon.' That he was at this time in that state which induces men to adopt almost any means of raising money, is attested by this fact, among others, that he was arrested, in 1598, by one Sympton, a goldsmith, of Lombard-street, for the large sum of 300l. Surrounded by enemies ready to represent him, upon all occasions, to the greatest possible disadvantage, we can easily conceive that he felt the necessity of keeping his connexion with the players unknown, to be hardly less urgent than the necessity which compelled him to resort to them." To which it may be added, that Bacon was the intimate friend of Lord Southampton, that avowed patron of Shakespeare; and that the 'Folio' of 1623, including some, and excluding others, which had always been reputed Shakespeare's, was not published till after Bacon had been driven to private life, and had leisure to revise his literary works.

"Pope, in his preface, says, 'It is probable, what occasioned some plays to be considered Shakespeare's was only this—they were pieces produced by unknown authors, or fitted up for the theatre while it was under his administration, and, no owner claiming them, they were adjudged to him, as they give strays to the lord of the manor, a mistake which (one may also observe) it was not for the interest of the house to remove.'"

A treatise on Mahometanism, by Mr. Cazenove, is reprinted from the 'Christian Remembrancer,' where it appeared as an article in January, 1855. This explains some of the statements and opinions as to the condition of the Turkish empire, which have less significance at the present time. It contains some interesting facts and speculations as to the social and political influence of Mahometanism, and its probable destiny.

Mr. Wilde's pamphlet on *The Potato* and its Use in Ireland, contains the substance of a communication made this summer to the Royal Irish Academy, and is reprinted from the 'Proceedings' of that body. It contains some curious chronological and historical notices, and remarks on the social, economical, and political influences of potato-eating in Ireland. It was not till the end of the 17th century that the root formed the staple article of the food of the peasantry. The first great destruction of the potato crop on record was in the winter of 1739-40, and a terrible famine was the result. The dates of subsequent failures are given.

The martial lyric on David and Goliath, in sixty-six verses of long ballad metre, describes the well-known episode of the Philistine war with considerable spirit, while keeping close to the scriptural narrative.

List of New Books.

Bally on Averages, new edition, 8vo, boards, 10s. 6d.
Beaumartha and His Times, by L'Omeine, 8vo, cl., Vol. 3 & 4, £1 1s.
Chambers's Russian War, royal 8vo, cloth, 13s.
Charm (The) of Entertaining Knowledge, post 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
Collins's (Rev. J. D.) Francis Latinus, Pt. 1, 12mo, cl., 2s. 6d.; Pt. II., 3s.
Ferguson's (R.) Northern in Cumberland, post 8vo, cloth, 5s.
Forbes's (A. K.) Pils Malt, 2 vols. 8vo, cloth, £2.
Great Wonders of the World, square, cloth, 2s. 6d.
Historical Tales, square, cloth, 2s. 6d.
Hook's (T. E.) Maxwell, fcap. 8vo, cloth, new edition, 2s.
Jameson's (Mrs.) Communion of Labour, fcap. 8vo, cloth, 3s.
St. John's (R.) Legends of the Christian East, square, cloth, 2s. 6d.
Stewart's (Rev. J. H.) Life, post 8vo, cloth, 3s.
Stowe's (Mrs.) Dred, 12mo, 2s. 6d.; 1 vol. 8vo, 6s.; 2 vols. 8vo, 12s.
Swift's (T.) Almanac for 2000 Years, 32mo, cl., 1s. 6d.; roan, 2s. 6d.

ARTICLES AND COMMUNICATIONS.

SIR RICHARD WESTMACOTT, B.A.

THIS veteran member, if not the actual father of the Royal Academy, died at his residence, No. 14, South Audley-street, on Monday last, the first instant. He was born in London in the year 1775, and was consequently at his death in the eighty-second year of his age. His father, who had received an university education at Brasenose College, Oxford, gave up all pursuit of the learned professions early in life, and took to the business of a statuary, which he followed for some years in Mount-street, Grosvenor-square. It was in his father's studio that young Richard Westmacott imbibed the first elements of taste in sculpture; and having early shown signs of future distinction in this branch of art, he was sent to Rome in the year 1793. There he studied with Canova, and made such decided progress under the tuition of that master, combined with the influences of the place, that upon one occasion he obtained the first gold medal of the year for sculpture, which was given as a prize by the Pope at the Academy of St. Luke. The subject was a *relievo*, representing a scene in the history of *Joseph and his Brethren*. The first medal for architecture at the same exhibition and in the same year was also carried off by an Englishman, Richard Gandy, A.R.A., who afterwards unhappily became insane. This production of young Westmacott's was still exhibited in Rome within the memory of many persons; but it has recently disappeared. He also obtained a first prize for sculpture at Florence, and was elected a member of the Academy there. In 1798 we find him again in England, and in the course of that

year he married Dorothy Margaret, the daughter of Dr. Wilkinson. His first reputation in England was made about this period, upon the occasion of a design for some public work being thrown open to general competition. Westmacott's design was so remarkable as to induce the judges to issue a second and higher prize for studies of the same subject. From that period he steadily rose in estimation with the private patrons of the arts, who were then both numerous and discerning; and was also employed in most of the important public works. Of the latter, the monument to *Sir Ralph Abercrombie*, in St. Paul's Cathedral, was one of the earliest; and as such it is inadequate to represent the more mature powers of the sculptor. That to *Lord Duncan* is a more favourable example. St. Paul's Cathedral, indeed, from the number and variety of his productions, both monuments and *bassi relievi*, may be consulted as a sort of gallery of the works of Sir Richard Westmacott. Among the statuary executed for private collections, some of the most celebrated and characteristic of his works are the following:—*The Houseless Traveller*, in the collection of the Marquis of Lansdowne—a work full of dignity and pathos; *Euphrosyne*, executed for the late Marquis of Westminster; *The Dream of Horace*—'Me fabulosæ Vulture in Apulo,' &c.—distinguished for the exquisite modelling of the flesh of the infant; the two statues, *Cupid and Psyche*, executed for the late Duke of Bedford; and a monument to the memory of *Lord Penrhyn*, at Penrhyn, in North Wales—a work less known to the public than the preceding. In this monument a figure of a slater is introduced, in the modern workman's dress; and, as a companion, a Welsh girl, also in the costume of the country, her head bound round with oak-leaves. Those best acquainted with the artist's works, consider the figure of this girl to be one of his happiest and most original productions. His monument to the memory of the *Countess of Rocksavage*, where angels are represented as guardians of the departed spirit—with the text which gives a name to the work—"He shall give his angels charge over thee"—is more generally known. He designed also the *Achilles* in Hyde Park; the statue of *Lord Erskine*, which stands in Lincoln's Inn Old Hall, now used as the Lord Chancellor's Court; that of *Nelson*, in the Liverpool Exchange; those of the *Duke of Bedford* and *Charles James Fox*, in Russell and Bloomsbury Squares; besides figures of *Addison*, *Pitt*, and many others. His last work of importance was the group of sculpture that occupies the pediment of the British Museum. This was the only occasion in which Sir R. Westmacott was induced so far to comply with the fashion of the day as to introduce the slightest possible approach to polychromy into part of a monochrome building, by tinting the tympanum of the pediment blue, and gilding some of the ornaments. At the French Exposition three of his works were exhibited, and were much admired: *A Nymph Preparing for the Bath*, from the collection of the Earl of Carlisle; *The Houseless Wanderer* above-mentioned; and a *Sleeping Infant*, in the possession of the Countess of Dunmore. Sir R. Westmacott was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1805, and a full member in 1816. In 1827, he succeeded Flaxman as lecturer to the Academy in Sculpture, an office which he held till his death. In 1837, he received the dignity of knighthood, and in the same year as Professor Faraday (the precise date we cannot state) he was presented with the honorary degree of D.C.L. by the University of Oxford. As a draughtsman, Sir R. Westmacott was remarkable for his bold and powerful hand. His lectures were treatises of considerable archaeological research, interspersed with practical remarks of great force and shrewdness, and accompanied by admirable drawings. On the subject of Greek art, Sir R. Westmacott, if not a profound scholar, was as deeply versed by practical study as any member of the Academy. Yet, in composition, though thoroughly appreciating the ancient schools, and competent to pass unerring judgment on the genuineness of works reputed antique, the le azim

of his style was certainly towards the naturalistic in sculpture. He sought to present thought and emotion rather under their modern and national types than under the old world conventionalities of Greek and Roman artists, however masterly and attractive may be the productions they have handed down to us. At the same time the purity of his taste, which had been formed upon these very models, induced him to be severe rather than florid in his composition, with a constant tendency to reject the superfluities of a subject, and to reduce it down to its leading and characteristic features. Sir Richard Westmacott took an active part in the proceedings of the Royal Academy, and was a member of the Council of that body. He was present and in his usual health at the last audit; but since that period, for many weeks past, his health has gradually declined, and his death has not been unexpected. He leaves a son, Mr. Richard Westmacott, the well-known sculptor, who is also a distinguished member of the Royal Academy.

WILLIAM YARRELL.

EARLY on Sunday morning last, at Yarmouth, whither he had gone from London by sea for a summer trip, died suddenly of ossification of the heart, at the age of seventy-two, the good old British sportsman and naturalist, William Yarrell. Our roll of English zoologists does not boast of a name more honoured for his researches into the habits of the fauna of his country, so far as regards birds and fishes, or more respected for his uprightness and genial companionship, than that of the lamented Yarrell; and the style in which the results of his agreeable labours have been published to the world, presents a model of kindly, unobtrusive diction, choice woodcut illustration, and typographic neatness.

The life of William Yarrell was not one of much variety. Born in 1784, in Duke-street, St. James, where his father carried on the business of a newspaper agent, his only removal was to a neighbouring house at the corner of Ryder-street. There he continued the business in partnership with a gentleman whose father had been also a partner with Yarrell's father, and in this house he dwelt unmarried, with his natural history collections about him, till the day of his death. He entered the banking-house of Herries, Farquhar, and Co. as clerk in 1802, but returned at the end of six months to his father. Mr. Yarrell's taste for natural history pursuits began first to develop itself in a love of angling. The streams in the vicinity of London often tempted him forth, as a boy, to a day's fishing, and the perusal of Old Isaac Walton's charming letters served to divert his pastime into the valuable practical direction which it subsequently took. From fishing, William Yarrell was led to the sport of shooting, and became one of the first marksmen of his day. He formed in early life an intimacy with Manton, the famous gun-maker, and with Shoobridge, the well-known hatter of Bond-street, better known, however, among sporting men as an unerring shot. Shoobridge and Yarrell made frequent excursions into the country together, and shot in company for many years. Shoobridge shot in matches, and not unfrequently for heavy stakes. Yarrell, who was thought by some to be the better shot of the two—for he would bring down a dozen brace of sparrows, from the trap, with his double-barrelled Manton, running—never wavered beyond shooting for a gun, a pointer, or a sporting picture.

During this time William Yarrell had been forming valuable collections of fishes, birds, and birds' eggs, studying and making notes of their habits, when, at about the age of forty, he may be said to have laid down the rod and gun for the pen. On the 25th of March, 1825, he addressed to the conductors of the 'Zoological Journal' his first composition, consisting of 'Notices of the Occurrence of some Rare British Birds, observed during the years 1823, '24, and '25.' Having made the acquaintance of several zealous naturalists, among whom we may mention Vigors, Swainson, and

E. Bennett, he was elected, in 1825, a Fellow of the Linnean Society, and in 1827 communicated to the Society's 'Transactions' a paper, entitled, 'Observations on the Tracheæ of Birds, with Descriptions and Representations of several not hitherto figured.' Later in the same year he presented to the Royal Society a paper 'On the Change in the Plumage of some Hen-Pheasants,' which was printed in the 'Philosophical Transactions.' Notwithstanding, however, the Council of the Royal Society considered Mr. Yarrell's paper worthy a place in their 'Transactions,' the author was never elected to the Fellowship. He was recommended for election, but owing to the corrupt practice, which still in a measure prevails, of disregarding the scientific claims of gentlemen connected with trade, whilst individuals were gaining admission to the Society on account of mere social position or connoisseurship, it was intimated to Mr. Yarrell that he had no chance of success, and he withdrew his certificate.

In 1829, Mr. Yarrell communicated to the Linnean Society the 'Description of a New Species of *Tringa*, killed in Cambridgeshire, new to England and Europe;' and the following year two papers 'On the Organs of Voice in Birds,' and 'On a New Species of Wild Swan taken in England.' About this time the Zoological Club of the Linnean Society, of which Mr. Yarrell had for six years been an active member, became the foundation of the present Zoological Society, and his exertions for this Society's welfare were continued with unremitting zeal to the last. He was a frequent contributor to its 'Proceedings,' and the three following papers, read in 1833 and 1835, were selected for publication in its 'Transactions': 'Observations on the Laws which appear to influence the Assumption and Changes of Plumage in Birds,' 'Description, with some additional particulars, of the *Apteryx Australis* of Shaw,' and 'Some Observations on the economy of an Insect destructive to Turnips.'

To the Linnean Society's 'Transactions' he further contributed, in 1834, 'Description of the Organ of Voice in a New Species of Wild Swan,' and 'Description of three British Species of Fresh-water Fishes belonging to the genus *Leuciscus*,' and in 1853 a paper 'On the Habits of the Great Bustard.' His last and only remaining paper, published by the Linnean Society, 'On the Influence of the Sexual Organ in modifying external Character,' appeared during the present year, in the newly arranged 'Journal of Proceedings.' Mr. Yarrell contributed largely to the 'Zoological Journal,' and to the 'Annals and Magazine of Natural History,' including, amongst other subjects, the discovery, in conjunction with Mr. Jesse, of the oviparous propagation of the eel, and of the specific identity of the whitebait; but the grand work of his life was the production, during the years 1830-40, of the two well-known Histories of British Birds and British Fishes, published by Mr. Van Voorst, who lived on terms of great friendship with him, and was selected by him as one of his executors.

In 1849, Mr. Yarrell was elected a Vice-President and Treasurer of the Linnean Society, and the members subscribed for a portrait of him in oil, which is suspended in the Society's meeting-room. Notwithstanding his retired manners and extremely punctual habits, Mr. Yarrell was a frequent diner-out and jovial companion at table. He sang a capital song, and was a constant attendant at the theatre, generally selecting, with the gusto of a dilettante, the front row of the pit. In the days of the elder Mathews he would manage to get the songs of the great mimic, in spite of the rapidity of their utterance, by taking down the alternate lines one night, and filling in the others on the next. A song of Dibdin's we heard him sing only recently, with admirable spirit and pathos. He seldom missed attending the Linnean Club dinners and country excursions, and was at all times among the liveliest of the party. In the present year he took an active part in the Linnean excursion to Guildford.

In addition to his collection of British natural

history, Mr. Yarrell possessed a valuable library of books on the subject, but he has not made any public bequest of either. His remains have been brought to London, and will be buried on Monday, with those of his family, at Bayford, in Hertfordshire.

GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

IN addition to the losses recorded in the foregoing obituary memoirs, we have to announce the death, on Saturday last, at the ripe age of seventy-nine, of the veteran arctic navigator, Sir John Ross, K.C.B. The name of this gallant officer is chiefly to be remembered on account of his having been the first in the present century to enter upon the difficult task of the navigation of the Polar Sea. In 1816-17, the whalers reported those seas to be clearer of ice than at any former time within their knowledge; and the question of a north-west passage, which had for a long time lain dormant, was revived by Mr. Scoresby, then commander of a ship in the Greenland fishery. The Admiralty decided on sending out an expedition, and Captain Ross, with Parry as his lieutenant, was selected for the command. Little was, however, done on this occasion. Captain Ross circumnavigated Baffin's Bay, and restored to the charts some of the land that had been expunged; but while sailing in Lancaster Sound, the commander fancied he saw a range of mountains barring his progress, and returned to England. Captain Parry returned, as is well known, for further exploration; and the excitement for arctic discovery gaining increased interest, an expedition was equipped in 1829, at the cost of Sir Felix Booth, and Captain Ross was a second time selected to conduct it, taking with him his nephew, Commander (now Sir James Clarke) Ross. On this occasion, the navigators were imprisoned in the ice for four years; and their discoveries comprised King William Land, the isthmus and peninsula of Boothia, the gulf of Boothia, the western sea of King William, and, more important than all, the position of the northern magnetic pole. The narrative of this expedition was published in a style of magnificence that has not been surpassed by any subsequent voyager. The volume consisted of nearly 900 quarto pages, with numerous coloured plates, and had upwards of 5000 subscribers, including a goodly list of foreign potentates and princes. On the publication of this work, the author received the honour of knighthood, with the Companionship of the Bath. In 1839, he was appointed consul at Stockholm, and nominated a Knight Commander of the Swedish Order of the Sword. Ten years later than this, when he had passed his seventieth year, he again visited the Arctic Regions, in command of the little private expedition fitted out by Lady Franklin in search of her lost husband—a striking proof of the respect and confidence that was entertained of his professional abilities. Among other works he wrote 'Letters to Young Sea Officers,' 'Memoirs and Correspondence of Admiral Lord de Saumarez,' and a 'Treatise on Navigation by Steam.' In the latter part of his life he attended the meetings of the scientific societies, and he proceeded to Cheltenham last month, to join the meeting of the British Association, but found himself too unwell to attend.

We have also to announce a loss which the literary world, no less than the general public, has sustained in the death of Mr. Gilbert Abbott A'Beckett. Whilst more usefully known as an able and upright dispenser of justice from the magisterial bench, his name will long be remembered from the distinguished position he occupied among the writers of the light literature of his time, whether comic or satirical. His earliest effort was the production of a weekly comic paper, called 'Frago in London,' published on a single sheet. This publication was originated by him before 'Punch' was thought of, and it no doubt suggested the subsequent introduction of the latter periodical. Mr. A'Beckett's peculiar turn for investing with humorous associations the subjects which

occupied his thoughts most attentively, is best illustrated by his well-known 'Comic Blackstone'—the best and most elaborate of these productions. His 'Quizzology of the British Drama' was also considered worthy of separate publication. Of the same class also were the 'Comic Latin' and the 'Comic English Grammar,' in which, however, the resources of joke-making were considerably limited by the nature of the subject. His contributions to 'Punch' were extended over many years, even, as we have understood, after his elevation to the magisterial bench—and were always easily recognisable from their peculiarities of style. A fugitive publication in the form of a tract, containing jocular imitations of the style of our principal dramatists—Sheridan Knowles, Bulwer, Talfourd, Mark Lemon, and others, was an excellent instance of his powers of literary mimicry, reminding the reader of the ever-memorable *Rejected Addresses*, of which it was an imitation. It remains only to state, briefly, the principal points in Mr. A'Beckett's public life. He was the son of Mr. A'Beckett, a partner in the well-known firm of solicitors, A'Beckett and Symson, in Golden-square. He was born in the year 1811, and was called to the bar in January, 1841. His appointment as a magistrate was made in the year 1849, shortly after the death of Mr. John Cottingham. From Greenwich and Woolwich he exchanged with Mr. Seeker to the court of Southwark. With Mr. Combe as his colleague he discharged the duties of this office till within a short period of his death. He was taking a six weeks' holiday at Boulogne, when typhus fever made its appearance among his family. One of his children died of it, and Mr. A'Beckett was himself next attacked, and, after three days' unconsciousness, expired. His loss will long be regretted by those who were officially connected with him, who could appreciate the admirable way in which he discharged his duties, and the careful and considerate manner in which he assisted in distributing the charities of the court.

Dr. Macdermott has published a favourable report of the climate of Caledonia Bay, and that part of the Isthmus of Darien recently explored by parties from H.M.S. *Esperanza*:—"During our stay in Caledonia Bay, in January, February, and March—extending over a period of nearly three months—I had sufficient opportunities of observing the nature of the climate as well as the state of the health of the ship's company. I had also constant intercourse and conversation with the medical officers of the United States' sloop of war *Cyane*, and also of the French war steamer *Chimère*, and Her Majesty's surveying schooner *Scorpion*, which were anchored in Caledonia Bay during the same period, and the crews of which amounted to 420 men. A party of twenty-six persons left the ship, on the 24th of January, with Mr. Gisborne, and did not return for a period of eleven days, during which time they were exposed considerably in wading rivers, and occasionally to the sun, though generally protected by the shade of the foliage. Dr. Edwards, assistant-surgeon, who was in medical charge of the party, states that the weather was fine throughout and generally dry, with the exception of a few light morning and evening showers (average of thermometer 76 degrees). Every precaution was taken for the general preservation of health, and the party was protected at night by sleeping in well-built huts of palm leaves. The usual doses of quinine wine were administered to each of the party daily. When they returned to the ship, and for some time afterwards, I closely observed the state of their health, and in no case could I detect any symptom of disease caused by their exposure; on the contrary, I think they were improved by the change. A second party of twenty-one persons left the ship on the 24th of March, and returned on the 2nd of April, and, although their duties were much more arduous, the exposure greater, having had to cut their way through the bush, no case of endemic or local disease resulted therefrom. The ground being mountainous and devoid of marsh, and the rivers being all running streams, with rocky and

sandy beds, having no alluvial deposit, I feel confident the causes of endemic fever do not exist—at all events, during the period of the year I have mentioned; nor do I think, even at any time of the year, that the fever so fatal and injurious to health which prevails at Grey Town and Navy Bay can exist." This report is confirmed by the testimony of the natives, and by the experience of the crews of French and American vessels in the same region.

The inauguration of a new hall at Birmingham, for musical performances, is another proof of the widely-extending taste for public recreations of a higher order among the people of England. As the use of the Town Hall is only granted on special occasions, such as the triennial festivals for the benefit of the General Hospital, it was thought that a building for ordinary musical performances might be erected and maintained by a town like Birmingham. The new Music Hall was built by Mr. Briggs, after designs by Mr. Cranston. It is in the Gothic style of the fourteenth century; in form a plain oblong; its material brick, with stone dressings. The hall is 111 feet 6 inches in length, by 76 in width, and has accommodation for 1830 persons; 720 on the floor, 420 in the lower gallery, 580 in the upper, and 120 in private stalls on either side of the orchestra. The ceiling is open timbered, and seventy feet from the floor at its highest point. The internal decorations are much admired, and the acoustic properties of the hall are highly spoken of. Mr. Alfred Mellon, who is a Birmingham man, presided at the inauguration festival, the orchestral union being reinforced for the occasion by local musicians. In the performances of the *Messiah* and the *Elijah*, and the miscellaneous evening concerts, the principal vocalists were Madame Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Sims Reeves.

The arrival of the Dowager Queen of Oude and her numerous retinue in this country, is a remarkable episode in the history of the British rule in the East. With the political objects of the visit we have no call to interfere, but we cannot but echo the general reprobation of the conduct of those European advisers who have lured the ignorant queen into an attempt which they well know is visionary and hopeless. The annexation of Oude is *un fait accompli*, and the misrule of the territory rendered the step unavoidable. Let any one who doubts this read 'The Private Life of an Eastern King,' being an account of the court and government of Nussir-u-deen, the King of Oude in 1835. In reviewing that book ('L. G.' 1855, p. 614) we said that "the sooner Oude is annexed the better for all parties concerned in the change. The reigning king is not a monster of cruelty like Nussir-u-deen, but his finances are perplexed and his country miserably misgoverned. Company's law, even in its worst form of administration, is infinitely preferable to the summary justice of the native chieftains." * * * The immediate annexation of Oude would be a blessing to its numerous inhabitants as well as a benefit to its present nominal rulers." In writing this we little knew how near the crisis of annexation was at hand. The advantages of the step already appear, and the force complained of was not the violence of injustice, but the pressure of necessity. The presence of the Queen of Oude, and of other deposed potentates from the East, is to be regarded more in a picturesque than a political light, while recalling to the historical student the descriptions of the dethroned monarchs who, in the times of the Empire, used to be wondered at by the populace in the streets of ancient Rome.

There is every prospect of the further exploration of North-Eastern Africa being vigorously carried out. Lieut. Burton and his companions are about to start soon on their renewed Berberé expedition; and the Pasha has ordered preparations to be made for an ascent of the Nile, under the conduct of M. le Comte d'Escazyrac de Lauture, author of a work on Soudan, and of other African books. This expedition is intended to leave Cairo in October.

A very interesting discovery has just been made

of the remains of a Roman villa, on the property of the Rev. T. F. More, Esq., of Linley Hall, Shropshire. Linley Hall stands about four miles to the north of Bishop's Castle, on a gentle slope, backed to the north by the hills which rise into the Stiperstone range, close upon the boundary line between Wales and England, and commanding a magnificent view over the vale of Montgomery. The site of the Roman villa is somewhat less than a quarter of a mile from the Hall (the residence of the ancient family of the Mores), a little lower on the slope, and it appears to have been a building of great extent, as the traces of it, as far as they can be made out by the excavations which have already been made, and the appearance of the ground, can be followed over a portion of the park, the top of an avenue leading to it, two large pasture fields adjoining, and lie also under some length of the old coach road from Shrewsbury to Montgomery, which separates the park from the fields. The excavations were commenced at the head of the avenue, during a recent visit of Mr. Thomas Wright to Linley Hall, and immediately brought to light two small rooms with hypocausts, which ran under the road towards the park. The excavations have been since continued by Mr. More himself with a zeal and intelligence which deserve the utmost praise; and we look forward eventually to a result which will be of the highest interest in connexion with the history of our island under the Romans. The hills to the north, in the parish of Shelve, are covered with the traces of Roman mining operations, and appear to have yielded them great quantities of lead, pigs of which, bearing the mark of the Emperor Hadrian, have been found in the immediate neighbourhood of Linley; and in the parish of Sned, adjoining to that of More, in which Linley Hall stands, Mr. More has traced the lower part of a strong wall under the park to a length of a hundred yards, without coming to the termination of it; and he has met with an aqueduct, or water-course, which appears to have led from a pool of water, still existing near the hall, down to the villa; so that this pool is suspected to have been originally a Roman reservoir, for supplying water to the villa, or perhaps to lead-works attached to it. But it would be premature to hazard any opinion on this subject until the excavations have been carried on much further.

The mosaic pavement which was lately discovered in the neighbourhood of Westerhof, near Ingolstadt, has been now cleared of all rubbish and fully brought to light. It is surrounded with walls, and is in the shape of a square, with a semicircular addition to one side. The portion contained in the semicircular arch measures one hundred and fifty-seven square feet, that in the square six hundred and seventy-six, so that the whole floor occupies eight hundred and thirty-three square feet; it is surrounded with a beautiful ornamental border, and adorned with elegant arabesques. In the midst of the arch stand two large animals—the one an ox, with a girdle round his neck, the other a bear. Between the half circle and the square are five olive trees, and between them different figures are represented. First comes a slave with leashes for bounds in his hand; between the second and third tree another slave, with javelins and a quiver on his back; two dogs are seen between the third and fourth trees in pursuit of a stag, which is represented between the fourth and fifth olive trees, being seized by the breast by a third dog, whilst beyond the trees a doe is quietly walking away. This group is very spiritedly designed and well executed. In the middle of the square was situated the "compluvium," or receptacle for rain water, which appears to have been eight sided, the octagonal stone covering of the cistern having been in two fragments, both incomplete, and each provided with an iron ring. At each corner of the compluvium there is a mosaic picture enclosed in a square border; they represent monsters of the deep, with nymphs either sitting on their backs or leading them; the breasts, necks, and hoofs of these monsters resemble those of horses, whilst their heads, which are provided with horns and bent backwards,

are like those of children, and long fish-like tails complete their curiously constructed bodies. There are, besides the figures already described, two dolphins and Neptune's trident. The colours of the stones employed in the mosaic are white, blue, red, and dark green; the whole is in excellent preservation, and may be considered a most valuable addition to archaeological remains.

In the improvements which are now being effected at Geneva, by removing the walls and levelling the remains of the old fortifications, a valuable discovery has been made of ancient Roman vases and other vessels.

The French newspapers give an account of the finding of some Roman remains in excavating for a railway station at Narbonne. The most remarkable of them are a statue in white marble of Silenus, and six inscriptions, three of them in Hebrew, three funeral ones in Latin. One of the latter is of a man named Dometius, who is recorded to have died under the Consulate of Basileus Mavortius, who flourished in the first half of the sixth century, and who is remarkable from having possessed the copy of Horace from which the most ancient manuscript of the poet's works now existing was copied.

Highly interesting archaeological discoveries have been made within the last few weeks in Jerusalem. An immense quantity of earth has been wheeled away from the 'Via Dolorosa,' and excavations made to a considerable depth below the natural level. In the course of these operations the workmen came to several chambers formed of solid square blocks of stone, and ornamented with mosaic floors. A grotto has been exposed, hewn out of the living rock, with five columns supporting the roof. It is supposed, from traces found in it, to have served as a place of worship to the earliest Christians, though probably the grotto itself was of a considerably anterior date. A beautiful Corinthian capital of a column, and large fragments of Verde antique marble have already been brought to light, and the labourers (one hundred in number, and principally Arabs) come almost daily on fresh treasures.

The Académie Française held its annual sitting in Paris, on Thursday, the 28th ult., under the presidency of Baron de Barente, director of the present year. M. Villémain, perpetual secretary, in a long and, like all that flows from his pen, eloquent and admirable report, gave an account of the prizes awarded by the Academy for 1856, and of the reasons for awarding them. The grand prize, founded by Baron Gobert, for the best work on history, which was granted for many successive years to the late Augustus Thierry, has been bestowed on M. Henri Martin, for his 'Histoire de France.' M. Chesnel and M. Lavallée obtained prizes for their works, On the Internal Government of France, and On the Maison de Saint Cyr; M. de Laprade one for his Symphonies; M. Chr. Bartholmès one for his work On the Religious Doctrines of Modern Philosophy; M. Saisset one for his translation of Saint Augustine's 'City of God'; M. Paul Janet, M. Caro, Madame de Bawr, and Madame Garde, of Aix, one each, for their moral writings; the family of the late well-known M. Ozanam, one for his 'Civilisation au Cinquième Siècle'; M. de Kervyn de Lettenhose, a Belgian, one for a treatise on Froissart; and, passing over some of minor note, one was granted to a poem by M. Dallières, entitled 'Les restes de Saint Augustin rapportés à Hippone,' a subject proposed by the Académie; and another to a treatise on Vauvenargues, by M. Gilbert. M. de Barente afterwards read a report on the distribution of what are called the "prizes of virtue," that is, of the funds left by the late M. de Montyon, to recompense acts of brilliant generosity and disinterestedness. The report stated that twenty-three persons had been selected by the Académie for these prizes, and it passed a high and well-merited eulogium on the Sisters of Charity, who, in addition to their numerous other services to suffering humanity, braved all the hardships of the Crimean campaign to tend the sick and wounded. The business of the day con-

cluded by the announcement of the prizes to be granted next year. Amongst them is one of 2000 francs (80*l.*), for a poem on the Eastern War; another, of the same amount, for a Eulogium of Regnard, the dramatic poet; and a third of 120*l.*, which has been more than once offered, and offered in vain, for the best treatise 'On the State of Letters, and the Progress of Intelligence in France in the first part of the Seventeenth Century, before the tragedy of the *Cid*, and Descartes' treatise on *Method*.' Finally, the Académie announces that in 1858 it will give 120*l.* for the best treatise 'On the Historical and Oratorical Genius of Thucydides.'

The late Dr. Buckland, having been one of the Corresponding Members of the Section of Mineralogy and Geology of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, his death was announced to that learned body, by M. Elie de Beaumont, in the sitting of the 25th. M. de Beaumont said of him, that "his name is no doubt destined to remain one of the most celebrated amongst those of the geologists of whom England can boast;" and he spoke in terms of admiration of his "great profundity of mind and facility of elocution" as a professor, of his geological researches, and of his 'Reliquiæ Diluvianæ,' his Bridgewater Treatises, and other works. In the same sitting of the Academy the death of M. Gerhardt, corresponding member of the Chemical Section, was announced.

Herder's literary remains are about to be given to the public; they consist of unpublished letters of Herder, and his correspondence with Goethe, Schiller, Klopstock, Lenz, Jean Paul, Claudius, Lavater, Jacobi, Mendelssohn, and several other distinguished men.

The fourth part of the Dutch translation of Macaulay's 'History of England' has just appeared at the Hague, from the publishing firm of H. C. Susan Ery.

FINE ARTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE GALLERY.

[Second Notice.]

THE fourth of the six rooms, which contain the oil-paintings of this collection, is devoted to the German school.

Amongst these very varied productions, a scene by A. Siegent, representing *Soldiers Gambling for Booty*, is of pre-eminent merit. One is apt to suppose that every available variety of this subject has been exhausted by Teniers, Wouvermans, and the Flemings. Not so, however; this work is original, as is evident at a first glance, and is worked out with a force and vigour that prove the clearness of the artist's conception and the resolution of his execution. The figures are instinct with life; and the necessary portions of the subject, the plate, the jewels, the furniture, the dresses, all of them of the most sumptuous description (for these luxurious children of fortune are sharing her favours in the midst of every possible splendour), are well kept below the human expressions. The men live and move, intellectually superior in interest to the glittering matter around them, upon which the painter's pencil loves to linger sometimes too fondly. This is a work of solidity, thought, and genius.

The *Mountain Scene near Orredal in Norway*, by Prof. Hans Frederik Gude, was one of the ornaments of the Exposition. The Professor is a native of Christiania, settled at Düsseldorf, and he paints with unrivalled truth and force the features of his native country. The force with which the rocks are delineated and coloured is not surpassed by the efforts of Stanfield and Landseer, admirable as they have been. The gleam of the snow, which is thinly scattered upon the grey masses beneath, and of the glacier which threads the huge mountain like a vein of silver, is neither exaggerated on the one hand, nor briefly suggested on the other. The mind of the artist has been concentrated upon rendering this grand contrast with care and dignity, but with perfect veracity, and his work impresses the spectator with an irresistible conviction of its truth. Besides this brilliant

effect, there is also a foreground, over which the eye can wander to an unlimited extent, still unsatisfied, and ever finding new materials for admiration.

With this may be compared M. Auguste Becker's *Mountain Rose*, also a scene in Norway. This is a rendering of an even more brilliant effect than the last, one too that is familiar to almost every traveller. The rose tint bathes the whole ridge of a grand group of mountains, while the lake and foreground beneath are in shadow. Notwithstanding the tender beauty of the colouring, we miss here that exactness, precision, and vigour, both of drawing and painting, which distinguish the work of the Norwegian artist.

C. T. Lessing's *Contest in a Churchyard*; a *Scene from the Thirty Years' War*, is another striking work. In point of military action the scene is tolerably clear. The churchyard is the important post which one party endeavours to secure, and from which the enemy in the orchard are attempting to dislodge them. Characteristics of the different parties engaged may be detected in the figure of the monk who leads on the body on the left, doubtless Germans; perhaps also in the figure of the man who is seen hanged in the orchard, by the immortal Gustavus, for some act of depredation. But it is well, perhaps, not to be too particular. The period of the Thirty Years' War will be sufficiently indicated by the antiquated but highly picturesque dress of the troops. As a picture this work is very complete. Not only are the attitudes natural, and the groups full of life and motion, but the air, distance, and light and shade, are treated with the ease and success of an accomplished master.

The *Wedding Scene in the Island of St. Mark*, *Zuyder Zee*, by Rudolf Jordan, carries back the spectator to the age of Jan Steen and Ostade. Is it meant that the inhabitants of this isolated spot still retain the costumes and manners of two centuries ago? If so, this is indeed an interesting study. And such the painter has meant it to be. The dress of the young woman (query the bride) who is the most conspicuous figure, presents several curious arrangements, which we do not venture to describe, but they may be studied at leisure on this canvas. A long châtelain, of peculiar and not inelegant form, strikes the eye at once. The tone of the picture is dark, and not so clear as that of Jan Steen's best works. Something, however, is due to the clouds of dust which must follow the vigorous exercise that is going on in the adjoining chamber.

M. Erik Bodom, a Norwegian artist at Düsseldorf, paints with familiar ease the peculiar and characteristic features of his country. The rocky soil, clothed with interminable forests of pine, which, by their ragged forms, suggest a bleak and stormy climate; the cataracts with their perpetual clouds of foam; the log-huts overhanging the stream at the points where the rapids are swiftest; all these are represented with the facility which belongs to early and habitual acquaintance. The forms of the trees in these studies are excellent, and the distance in many instances delicate and beautiful.

A view, by an artist of the same country, M. Morton Müller, now at Düsseldorf, is distinguished by peculiar charms of picturesque treatment. The subject is the *Entrance into the Harbour of Christiania*, a landscape taken from a distance, which commands a view of some lower eminences, and a valley beyond, with the river winding its silvery course through it. A blue tint mixed with dark greens pervades the middle distance, with remarkably sweet effect, and the lower hill is fringed with pine trees. Every portion of the subject is full of poetical beauty.

Several interiors and groups, by B. Nordenberg, will attract admiration. The *Warrior's Anecdote* is one of these; and in the *Interior of an Inn*, besides the original and skilful treatment of figures, all of them full of character, and impressed with the true *genre* stamp, the arrangement of light is peculiar and skilful. It enters by a window in the roof, and thus illuminates every object in a

direct manner. The dispersion and toning down of this light is well managed.

Richard Burnier, of Düsseldorf, a native of the Hague, contributes a *Scene in Holland*, of admirable execution, which approaches more nearly the style of Sidney Percy than that of any other English artist. Oswald Achenbach is the painter of a striking view of the *Campagna*; A. W. Preyer excels in *Still Life*; and E. Geselchapp paints groups of figures of great merit.

Nor should be omitted among the more distinguished of its class, an *Italian Landscape*, by A. Weber, where the light of an evening sky is painted with all the delicate warmth of Claude, and is contrasted with the gloomy shadows of the foreground.

The fifth room contains the important contributions of the French painters; and it is no slight advantage to find that important school of art, in some respects, more adequately represented here than it has been before in this country. The name of M. Ingres, one of the highest celebrity, is not wholly without an illustration here. Two small subjects have been contributed by him, a *Saint Judas* and a *Saint Barnabas*, both of which pictures appear to have been enlarged, since they were first painted, to fit their present frames. A certain vigour of composition and a peculiarity of handling, which is the characteristic of M. Ingres in some of his various styles, are all that these two heads convey to the spectator. Nothing is seen of his powers of composition, of his conception of a large subject, of his versatility of style, and of that imposing manner which stamps his works with a dignity, perhaps a *hauteur*, peculiarly their own. M. Ingres, with his immense home reputation, has yet to be known, we do not add, necessarily to be admired, in this country.

Several works by C. E. R. Henri Lehmann, of Paris, (not the Rodolph Lehmann, of Rome, whose *Braziliad* and *Roman Balcony* were distinguished ornaments of the Royal Academy,) are of great importance. There is a *Nymph's Toilet*, *The Dreamer*, *A Woman of the Campagna*, executed in fresco, and framed like an ordinary oil painting, of extraordinary delicacy and completeness; and finally, *Venus Anadyomene*, a work which excels the rest in the gem-like beauty of its construction, in the completeness and grandeur of the forms, and in the classical tone of colouring. The artist has thoroughly imbued himself with the spirit of the antique in the latter instance, as in the former he reproduces the gay and picturesque costume of a modern contadina.

The Morning Toilet, by P. E. Frère, will be remembered in the French Exhibition collection for its simple and natural graces, and for the masterly handling which distinguishes all the works of this artist. Equally familiar are the *Lady with a Parasol*, and the *Gulliver in the Island of Giants*, of M. Biard.

A Dèjeuner, by M. E. Bouquet, is one of the conversation scenes of the French school, but on a larger scale than usual, beautifully drawn, and equally well coloured, though, like many of its class, scarcely rising beyond the region of mere ornamental art. Of character or incident the indication is the slightest possible.

The works of M. A. M. Colin are numerous, and all characterized by peculiarities which are at once evident. The colour in the flesh tints and high lights is often wanting in purity and clearness; and a grey tint of dress seems to be favourite with the artist. *The Favourite Slave*, however, is a vigorously painted figure; so also are *Meditation*, the *Greek Woman and Child*, and the *Eastern Scene*. A second picture of this name is a study of costume and character. The man wears a Persian dress, with a high cap; the lady is unveiled, and altogether considerably more French than Persian in her attitude.

Mr. Jules Ravel, who paints historical scenes, exhibits a subject representing *Charles IX. Visiting Marie Touchet*. The portraits appear to have been carefully studied, as have also the dresses, furniture, and every particular of the apartment. But the colour is, on the whole, poor, and the figures hard and liny.

M. Antigna's figure subjects are very attractive: a *Breton Refreshing*, being a female peasant stooping and drinking, is natural and graceful, as are also the two versions of *A Breton Family*.

M. J. M. Faverjon's *Head of a Girl* is a fine vigorous study.

Two genre pictures are contributed by Dr. Navez, of Brussels, who is yet a member of the French school. One is *The Golden Wedding*—a group expressive enough, but somewhat formal and mannered, a display rather of the traditions of art than of original study of nature; and the *Arrival of Vert-vert at Nantez*—where the stranger is a parrot of apparently great attractions. The scene furnishes opportunities for some humorous grouping; but the subject is perhaps scarcely worthy the care that has been bestowed on it.

Among the remaining figure subjects may be noticed a copy of *The Kirchneresse*, or country-fair of Rubens, by H. Berthoud; an *Adam and Eve*, by P. A. Pichon, in the French revived Raffaele style, wherein M. Ingres has set the example; but of which this is an instance which will scarcely recommend itself to English taste; several elegant equestrian figures of ladies by the Comte de Montpezat; a group of *Boys at Play*, by C. Houry, and of *Men Gambling*, by Henri Lys.

In landscape, M. Dupré has two small subjects, executed with a small fine touch of extreme taste and delicacy: M. Ortmans a good *Landscape and Cattle*; M. De Vos a *Landscape* of small and sparkling touch; and M. A. H. Berthoud a subject of *Oaks near a Marsh*, of most singularly formal composition and affected style of treatment, which yet produces a certain striking effect.

M. Saint Jean, of Lyons, contributes a fine specimen of those fruit pieces for which he is celebrated.

The sixth and last room contains a mixed and very varied assemblage of works—descending from Hilton, Etty, and Lee, to a production illustrative apparently of the Ascension, of which we will say nothing. Hilton's picture is *The Wedding*. It is gracefully conceived and delicately painted; and is attractive, notwithstanding the hideous costumes of the period. By Etty there is *The Graces*, in excellent condition; and by Lee, R.A., a fine, rich, brown landscape, with a flock of sheep being driven to the pool—*Sheepwashing*.

The Rialto, by J. Holland, is a conspicuous work; as is also *Mercy and Truth*, by Hart, R.A. A work by Chalon may also be noticed. *John Knox reproving the Courtiers*, a characteristic and favourable instance of the painter; a *Picture of Innocence* is a study of children capriciously drawn and coloured by Alfred Corbould. With this may be compared the *Child's Prayer*, by Redgrave, R.A., more admirable in taste and feeling than pleasing in colour.

Amongst the few foreign works in this room are the *Sparrowhawk Entrapped*, by J. Rousseau, fine for light and shade, and display of artistic feeling, but indistinct, and not satisfactory in colour; a copy, by H. Berthoud, of the celebrated *Décadence de l'Empire*, by Couture; and a work of character, by M. F. Gons, *The Anguish of an Artist*, under the influence of torturing critics, who dissect and mangle his composition before his eyes, reckless of his sufferings.

Morning, by F. G. Watts, is a fine, finished sketch—a perfect hymn of joy, light, and motion, full of art and poetry.

It is needless to do more than enumerate works so well and recently known as J. Danby's *View of Greenwich and Sunset*, Ed. Armitage's *Samson Grinding for the Philistines*, Inskipp's *Frances Jennings*, C. Lucy's *Royal Captives*, F. Underhill's *Orchard Intruders*, Mr. W. W. Morris's *Drive*, Mr. H. S. Marks's *Justice Shallows*, and *On Guard*—a group of game watched by a dog, from the genial and welcome pencil of George Landseer.

Some German miniature copies of the well-known Dresden pictures, Sir G. Hayter's portrait of *Her Majesty*, and an etching of Mr. Barlow's excellent forthcoming engraving of *The Huguenot*, nearly exhaust the list of the noticeable contents of this room.

The water-colour collection has already been alluded to. It is extremely heterogeneous; but it contains Edward Corbould's *Lochinvar*, *Faust and Marguerite*, and *Destruction of the Images at Basle*, a fine landscape by Linnell, and an excellent *View of the Pont Neuf, Paris*, by Hoguet. There also are the seven celebrated portraits, by Gérard, of members of the Bonaparte family, which belonged to Prince Jerome when he was King of Westphalia. They were carried off from the Gallery of Hesse Cassel, in the Russian invasion of 1813, by Czernitschew, the general, who sold them to the father of the present possessor. The subjects are—1. Napoleon I.; 2. Prince Jerome; 3. The Queen of Westphalia; 4. Hortense, Queen of Holland; 5. Joseph, King of Spain; 6. Letitia, Mother of Napoleon I.; 7. Count Welfersdorf, aide-de-camp.

The prospects of the Crystal Palace Gallery may be inferred from the following enumeration of its present contents: The number of oil-paintings already is 900; of water-colour drawings, 260. The French works amount to 150, those of Belgium and Holland to 160, and of Germany to 70. M. Gastaldi, of Turin, is the only Italian contributor; and Mr. Robertson the solitary exhibitor of the resources of the United States.

The French Government has just distributed a vast number of pictures to provincial churches and museums. It has also ordered four additional large works for the galleries of Versailles,—the *Visit of the Queen of England*, from M. Jalabert; the *Distribution of Eagles to the Regiments*, from M. Glaise; the *Entry of the Prince President into Paris*, from M. Larivière; and the *Completion of the Louvre*, from M. Ange Tissier. It is said that Mlle. Rosa Bonheur is now in Scotland with the object of making studies for paintings in the style of Landseer.

English artists, notwithstanding their success at the Universal Exhibition at Paris, still abstain from contributing to the continental exhibitions so largely as they ought to do, both for their own sakes personally, and for the sake of English art in general. In the Catalogue of the Exhibition at Ghent, which is now before us, we see, for example, only four English names, whilst there are not fewer than 41 Dutch, 88 French, a vast number of Germans (20 of the Düsseldorf school alone), and even three Swiss, and three Italians.

The Exhibition Palace at Paris, which was built by a private company, has been purchased by the government.

A landscape picture, by Firmenich, one of the best of the Prussian artists in this line, is now causing considerable sensation in Berlin. It is of colossal dimensions. In the centre of the picture we see the Gulf of Naples, with the volcano and mountain of Vesuvius on one side, and the coast of Sorrento on the other. A remarkable boldness of conception, coupled with extreme carefulness of execution, characterize the work of this young artist; he always chooses a great subject for his pictures, and executes it in a manner worthy of the idea. The colouring of the picture which is the subject of the present notice is brilliant, the touch sure, and the drawing correct, and withal there is a minute and conscientious truthfulness of detail rarely coupled with the other qualities we have enumerated. It is said this picture is intended for the new museum of Cologne.

Professor Rietschel has just finished his colossal group of Goethe and Schiller, and exhibits it in his studio in Dresden. It will be transported shortly to the foundry in Munich, where it is to be cast in bronze, and finally erected in Weimar.

The well-known collection of pictures of the late Chevalier de Conink was sold by auction the other day at Ghent: it attracted purchasers from London, Paris, Holland, and Germany, as well as from Belgium itself. 140,000 francs were realized by the sale.

It is proposed to erect in Chamounix a monument to the memory of De Saussure, and the other scientific pioneers in the ascent of Mont Blanc;

subscriptions are already promised from England, France, Switzerland, and Italy.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE Gloucester Musical Festival commences on Tuesday next, when a full cathedral service will be performed. On Wednesday, Mendelssohn's *Elijah*; on Thursday, Haydn's *Creation* and Mozart's *Requiem*; on Friday, Handel's *Messiah*, with miscellaneous concerts in the evenings, form the programme. The principal performers will be:—Madame Clara Novello, Mrs. Clara Hepworth, Madame Viardot Garcia, Madame Albani, Mrs. Temple, Mrs. Lockey, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Thomas, M. Gassier. Leaders—Mr. H. Blagrove and Mr. Sainton. Organ—Mr. G. Townsend Smith; Pianoforte—Mr. Done; Conductor—Mr. Annot.

The inauguration of the new Musical Hall at Birmingham, and the performances on the occasion, we have noticed in another part of the paper. The Bradford Festival has had a success surprising in a first attempt in a town unaccustomed to musical gatherings on such a scale. There is nothing particular, however, to record as to the performances, beyond what we mentioned last week, except a new cantata, *May Day*, by Mr. Macfarren, composed expressly for this festival, and performed at the concert on the evening of the 28th ult. It is in Mr. Macfarren's happiest style, and breathes throughout the spirit of old English melody. Several of the choral passages are likely to become popular, and the orchestral music shows much ingenuity and skill in the composition.

At the Surrey Gardens, this week, the attraction of Madame Albani has more than compensated for the departure of the Zouave trumpeters.

Mr. Phelps commences his Shakspearian season at Sadler's Wells this evening, with the performance of *Macbeth*. *Timon of Athens* and the *Merry Wives of Windsor* will also be produced during the present month. On Monday, the Surrey Theatre opens with a new drama, *The Half-Caste*, in which Mr. Creswick is to sustain the principal part. On the 15th the Lyceum will be re-opened under the management of Mr. Dillon, supported by Miss Woolgar, Mrs. Buckingham, Miss Gordon, Messrs. Toole, Stuart, Barrett, and others favourably known to the public. The ballet department will be strong—Rosina Wright herself a host. The Drury-lane season also commences on the 15th, with a powerful company, and the promise of novelties as well as a good selection of stock pieces. At the Adelphi, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams still form the chief attraction; and at the Olympic, Mr. Robson's *Medea* nightly amuses crowded audiences.

We have less compunction in handing over to the scene-painters and upholsterers a melodrama of Kotzebue and Sheridan than a play of Shakspeare. Under Mr. Kean's tasteful and judicious direction, *Pizarro* has been produced at the Princess's Theatre with dazzling splendour of illustration, while the scenery, dresses, and decorations accurately represent the local and historical circumstances of the drama. Among the *tableaux* are views of the bay of Tumbes in the gulf of Guayaquil, the gardens of Yucay, the Royal Palace of the Incas, Peruvian landscapes with the lofty Cordilleras in the background, and the great square of the city of Cuzco, with the Temple of the Sun and the ancient fortress on the adjacent heights. The most splendid of the scenic illustrations represents the festival of Raymi in the interior of the Temple of the Sun, when the rising of the divine luminary is hailed with tumultuous rejoicings. The gradual illumination of the mountain-tops, and of the temple, until the sacred fire is kindled on the altar by the sun's rays, is managed with wonderful skill, and forms a very impressive scene. The religious ceremonies, the dances of the Peruvian warriors and the female attendants, and the battle scenes, afford ample variety of action and of spectacle. The choral music in the temple scenes is well given, and altogether the setting of the drama is picturesque

and attractive. With regard to the play itself there is not much to say, except that the cast includes the strength of the company, and tolerable justice is done to the leading characters, by Mr. Kean as *Rolla*, Mr. Ryder as *Pizarro*, Mrs. Kean as *Elvira*, and Miss Heath as *Corra*. And it ought to be added, to Mr. Kean's credit, that the utmost pains seem to have been taken to secure, even in the most unimportant of the numerous personages who appear on the stage, a careful and intelligent performance of their parts.

The new theatrical season at Paris may be almost said to have commenced, our letters recording the production of two new pieces. One of them is a *proverbe*, by M. Octave Feuillet, called *La Fée*, and has been represented at the Théâtre des Vaudeville; but the piece was written for the closet, not the stage, and we are told that it is more agreeable to read than to see. The second is a very amusing *vaudeville* in two acts, called *Lies Enfants Terribles*, brought out at the Variétés. As some of our dramatic translators will be sure to 'borrow' its plot, incidents, and personages, we need not say anything about them now, except it be, that they make the Parisians laugh heartily, and that they will no doubt do the same for ourselves, if the translators do not spoil them.

Joseph Peter von Lindpainter, the Capellmeister to the Court of Würtemberg, died on the 20th of August, in Nonnenhorn, of dropsy; he was a musical composer of considerable renown, a knight of the Order of the Crown of Würtemberg, and possessed of many medals and diplomas from different artistic and scientific institutions. On the 27th his funeral took place at Wasserberg, on the lake of Constance: a deputation attended from Stuttgart, and choral societies (*Liederkränze*) from Tettnang and Lindau, with a numerous assembly of friends and admirers from Würtemberg, Baden, Bavaria, and Switzerland, met to pay the last honours to their beloved and respected friend. A funeral quartet and other appropriate music was performed over the grave, which was half filled with wreaths and garlands of flowers. The Würtemberg steamboat pulled down her colours and fired off guns as the body was being lowered into its final resting-place, testifying the respect in which Lindpainter was held.

The musical publishing establishment of Franz Stage and Co., in prospect of the great Mozart festival, to be held in September, in Salzburg, has just issued a price list of certain MS. works and autograph letters of Mozart, many of which have never been printed. Amongst them are the scores of four operas in the handwriting of the great master—viz., *Apollo and Hyacinthus*, a Latin comedy, composed for the University of Salzburg, and the first of Mozart's dramatic compositions belonging to the year 1767, the *Idomeneus*, the *Mithridates*, and *Il Re Pastore*, besides many unprinted symphonies. The prices range from two Frederick d'Or to two hundred and fifty.

Liszt, the pianoforte player, is now in Pesth, directing the rehearsals of a new mass, which he has composed expressly to be performed at the consecration of the Graner cathedral; the mass is said to be very solemn, and to contain much beauty and originality. Liszt is *feted* everywhere, and on his entering a box at the Hungarian theatre the other evening, he was greeted by the Magyars with oft-repeated bursts of enthusiastic welcome and applause.

For the musical public, we are sorry to say that the celebrated Johanna Wagner has renounced her professional career, and has yielded up her place as the first, or one of the first, singers in Germany. She is to be married in a few days to a gentleman of Königsberg, and takes her leave of the stage for ever.

Lindpainter, the eminent German composer and musical director, whose death is noticed above, has left numerous works, including two oratorios, four grand operas, and a comic opera.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION.—Dr. D. Macpherson, Inspector-General of Hospitals, late attached to the Turkish Contingent, read a paper on 'Researches in the Crimean Bosphorus, and on the site of the Ancient Greek City of Panticapeum (Kertch).' Dr. Macpherson's duties at the late seat of war having led him to Kertch, he was induced, by hearing of the former discoveries of the Russians, to commence excavations, which eventually led to the discovery by him of so many interesting traces of the ancient city of Panticapeum. There are few spots so replete with interest as the Cimmeric Bosphorus, once one of the most flourishing settlements of the ancient Greeks, and the extreme limit in these parts of the colonization of this wonderful race. Here the archaeologist and the searcher in natural history will still find a wide field for exploration. Dr. Macpherson was stationed there from October, 1855, to June, 1856, but the severity of the weather rendered explorations impossible, and his public duties as principal medical officer over a force of 20,000 men so continually occupied his time that he was unable to prosecute his researches. The present town of Kertch is built close to the site where, 500 years before Christ, the Milesians, who were of the family of Ionians, formed a colony and founded the city of Panticapeum. The colony of Cherson, near Inkermann, was founded about the same period by the Dorians, a people at rivalry with those of the colony of Miletus. History records that the race denominated the Cimmeric originally inhabited this locality, and that the Tauri, a savage and cruel people, who made offerings and feasts of human victims, and whose dwellings cut out of the solid rock are still seen around Kertch, succeeded them. The Scythians, who appear to have descended from the mountains of Thibet in Tartary, and were probably the ancestors of the present race of Tartars, conquered the Tauri, and became the Tauro-Scythians. Crossing from Pontus, where they held sway, the Milesians expelled the Scythians and founded a kingdom, which, from the salubrity of its climate, the fertility of its soil, and the industrious habits of the colonists, speedily arose in its prosperity, and became, in its palmist days, the granary of Athens. They dedicated their new city to the sylvan god Pan; because of the abundance of the winefound, the worship of Bacchus became very general among them, and they called the chief city of this colony Panticapeum. It was built on a range of hills which formed at this period an isthmus into the bay, the acropolis occupying the foreground. The sea has now receded, but a shallow salt-water lake still marks the limits to which it formerly extended. No art is needed to add to the beauty of this situation, with the ocean washing it on three sides, and with its heights commanding an extended view of the surrounding country and of the Circassian coast beyond the straits. Even in its ruins, this regal seat of the Bosphorian kings, once the residence of Mithridates the Great, will ever be considered an interesting place for the researches of the historian and antiquary. The range of heights on which Panticapeum was built occupied a plateau from Mons Mithridates, formerly a precipice above the sea (and supposed by Clarke to be the same whence Mithridates threw the body of his son Xiphantes into the waves), extending to a distance of about four miles, and terminating in a huge artificial mound, surrounded by a circular wall of stones placed regularly together without cement. This hill is placed upon the inner vallum or barrier of the Bosphorian empire, and the work still exists in many places in an entire state, having a ditch in front, and passing across the peninsula to the Sea of Azoff. Some distance further on is the second vallum or boundary,—the outermost vallum, which separated the Bosphorians from the country of the Tauri, being placed between Arabat and Theodosia. About fifty years before Christ this colony became subject to Rome, or rather to a satrap of the Roman empire, from the circumstance of the Bosphorian kings, who were also rulers of Pontus,

having been subdued by this people in Asia. In the year 375 of our era the colony was utterly annihilated by the Huns. Barbarous hordes succeeded one upon another thereafter until A.D. 1280, when the Genoese became possessors of the soil, and held it until expelled by the Turks in 1473, they being, in their turn, expelled in 1771 by the Russians. The characteristic features around Kertch are the immense tumuli, or artificial mounds, that abound in this locality, more especially in the second vallum. These sepulchres of the ancient world are found in many places. They are in the form of barrows in England, and cairns in Scotland. Calculated as they are for almost endless duration, they present the simplest and sublimest monuments that could have been raised over the dead. The size and grandeur of the tumuli found in the neighbourhood of Kertch excite astonishing ideas of the wealth and power of the people by whom they were erected, for the labour must have been prodigious and the expenditure enormous. Specimens of the highest Hellenic art have been discovered in these tumuli, such as sculptures, metal, alabaster, Etruscan vases, glass vessels remarkable for their lightness, carved ivory, coins peculiarly pleasing on account of their sharpness and finish, and trinkets executed with a skill that would vie with that of our best workmen. All originals were forwarded to the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, duplicates being preserved in the museum at Kertch, and these might have been easily secured to England on the investment of the place by the allies, but with the exception of some bas-reliefs which, in connexion with two other officers, Dr. Macpherson transmitted to the British Museum, the whole of these rare treasures were barbarously made away with. The local tradition is that these tumuli were raised over the remains, and were intended to perpetuate the memory of the kings or rulers who held sway over the colonists, and that the earth was heaped upon them annually on the anniversary of the prince's birth, and for a period of years corresponding to those in which its tenant had held rank or reigned; and to this day the successive layers of earth which were laid on in each succeeding year can be traced, a thin coating of seashell or charcoal having been first put down. Dr. Macpherson counted as many as thirty layers in a heap made in one of these mounds about two-thirds from its base. They are to be seen of all sizes, varying from 10 to 300 feet in circumference, and in height from 5 feet to 150, and are usually composed of surface soil and rubble masonry. Herodotus's reference to these sepulchres is the earliest account which history has recorded of this mode of burial; and the attention of the meeting was particularly drawn to his description of the mode adopted to perpetuate the memory of their deceased princes, as it would be seen that one of the excavations to be referred to corresponded exactly with the description given by him. "The tombs of the Scythian kings," he states, "are seen in the land of Sherri, at the extreme point to which the Borysthenes is navigable. Here, in the event of a king's decease, after embalming the body, they convey it to some neighbouring Scythian nation. The people receive the Royal corpse and convey it to another province of his dominions, and when they have conveyed it through all the provinces, they dig a deep square fosse, and place the body in the grave on a bed of grass. In the vacant space around the body in the fosse they now lay one of the king's concubines, whom they strangled for the purpose, his cupbearer, his cook, his groom, his page, his messenger, fifty of his slaves, some horses, and samples of all his things. Having so done, all fall to work throwing up an immense mound, striving and vying with one another who shall do the most." The Greeks, who always respected the religion of the countries they had conquered, and who, in process of time, imbibed to a certain extent their customs and observances, appear to have adopted this Scythian mode of burial. Instead, however, of placing their magistrates or rulers in "a deep square fosse" dug in the earth, they built tombs, and over these raised the conical hill. All, or nearly all, of these tumuli have been examined. The Genoese

explored the largest and most valuable, and the Russian Government have also carried on explorations with much success. Selecting those which promised best, assisted by Major Crease, Royal Engineers, Dr. Macpherson has carefully explored these tumuli. In some the tomb was found above the natural surface, and in some beneath it. Some were arched in the Egyptian, others in the modern style. Square flags resting on each other in the centre, and supported by a niche in the side wall, supported a few; others had flat roofs, while occasionally no masonry was discovered. Fragments of bracelets, which were exhibited in the room, were found in one of the tumuli. Having descended many feet under the natural surface, he came upon the bed of ashes. The bones of a horse, human skeleton, and other remains were also met with; and on removing the masonry, fibulae and bronze coins were picked up in niches between the stones. Having worked at this tumuli for two months without success, he turned his attention to Mons Mithridates. The whole of this hill, from its base to its summit, and the spur extending from it to a distance of three miles, is composed of broken pottery and debris of every description, to a depth of from 10 to 100 feet over the natural clay hill. The height and size of this Milesian work are so enormous that it is scarcely possible to believe it to be the result of human labour, and it must have been the work of ages to have conveyed the surface soil from the plains below to raise it and the neighbouring heights to the present elevation. On the top of this hill is a rude chair, cut out of the rock, and a hollow resembling a sacrificial altar. He commenced his operations on the sides of these rocks, and came to excavations cut out of the stones, probably the abode of the Tauri, and which had been converted into tombs by the Milesians. These tombs had, however, been explored; but he secured several specimens of the handles of amphorae, with the names of Greek magistrates stamped thereon, and a few coins with the effigy of Pan, or the Greek ruler for the time being, represented thereon, with the figure of a griffin, which was the emblem of the city, on the reverse. Not far from Mons Mithridates he came upon a portion of an aqueduct, which probably conveyed water to the acropolis. It was formed of concave tiles, and one of them he exhibited to the meeting. After describing the result of some of his labours, he proceeded to state that beneath an extensive artificial tumulus, running at right angles with the ridge, extending northwards from Mons Mithridates, he came upon a mass of rubble masonry, beyond which was a door leading to an arched chamber, built under the side of the mound. This led to a larger chamber, which was also arched. The walls of the larger chamber were marked off in squares, with here and there flowers, birds, and grotesque figures. Over the entrance to this chamber were painted two figures of griffins rampant. Two horsemen—one a person in authority, and the other his attendant carrying his spear—were rudely sketched on one of the walls. After some exploration, the skeleton of a horse was found, near which lay a human skeleton; and, continuing his researches, he struck upon a tomb cut out of the solid rock. Not far from this a smaller excavation in the rock was discovered, and, clearing the surface, the rock was found to be hewn out three feet in width and twelve in length. Here he came upon the skeleton of a horse, and, a few feet further on, an upright flag four feet high was found placed over the entrance of a tomb cut out of the calcareous clay. The tomb was of a semi-circular form, and he found, on entering, that the floor was covered with beautiful pebbles and shells, such as are now found on the shores of the Sea of Azoff. The dust of the human frame, possessing still the form of man, lay on the floor. The bones had crumbled into dust, and the space occupied by the head did not exceed the size of the palm of the hand, the mode in which the garments enveloped the body, and the knots and fastenings by which they were bound, being easily traceable in the dust. Several bodies were discovered, and at the head of each was a glass bottle, and in one of these bottles was

found a little wine. A cup and a lacrymatory of the same material, and a lamp, were placed on a small niche above each body. A coin and a few enamelled beads were placed in the left hand, and in the right a number of walnuts. Other similar tombs were explored, and various specimens of pottery, personal ornaments, vessels of glass, coins, beads, and other objects of interest, were found. The whole of these were exhibited in the room, and appeared to excite the greatest curiosity. Dr. Macpherson then gave in detail the progress of his further researches in other tumuli. The conclusion of the paper was given in Dr. Macpherson's own words:—"Resolving to make another attempt to explore the great shaft, the only mode of effecting this being to remove entirely that portion of the hill above it, I brought all my labourers to the spot, although the few days that remained of our sojourn in Kertch would hardly enable me, I feared, to complete the work. Placing my men in two gangs, each were made to work half an hour without ceasing. On the third day we struck on two large amphorae, containing each the skeleton of a child between four and six years of age. Underneath these were the tombs of two adults, and then came the skeleton of a horse. There was now every indication that a great feast or sacrifice had been held, for a few feet further on we came upon immense heaps of broken amphorae, fragments of wine jars, the inside of which was still encrusted with wine lees, broken drinking cups, flat tiles which may have served the purpose of plates, beef and mutton bones, fragments of cooking-pots still black from the smoke, and quantities of charcoal. Descending still further, we came upon what appeared to have been a workshop—portions of crucibles in which copper had been smelted, corroded iron, lumps of vitreous glass, broken glass vessels, moulds, and other things being found. Five feet deeper we exposed the excavation in the rock, and a shaft exactly similar to, but on a much larger scale, than the descent into the arched tombs. As the hill was removed, platforms were scarped of the sides, on which the earth was thrown up, a man being placed on each platform: and as I descended into the shaft, similar platforms of wood were slung from above. On the twelfth day we reached a depth of sixteen feet in the shaft, the portion of the hill removed being thirty-eight feet in length, twenty in depth, and twelve in breadth. Happening to look up from the bottom of the shaft, where I then was, to examine from whence some earth had dropped, my attention was attracted to a rent in the bank above, which projected somewhat over the descent. There were four of us working below, and we had each to ascend by a ladder. We had barely taken up safe positions when the slip of earth took place, which quite closed up the shaft, crushing, of course, everything below. It took us four days to clear out this rubbish, and in three days more we came to the skeleton of a horse. The mouth of the shaft hewn out of the rock, three feet in thickness, was eighteen feet long by twelve broad. It then took on a bell shape, the diameter of which was twenty-two feet, cut out in dark consistent clay, a depth of nearly seven feet. Beyond this the size of the shaft became a square of seven feet, cut out of successive layers of sandstone and calcareous clay. When we had attained a depth of thirty feet in the shaft, the labour of raising the earth became very great; but by means of a block and shears, which Captain Commerell, of her Majesty's ship *Snake*, very kindly fixed over the descent, the work was much facilitated, the earth being slung up in baskets, and the men ascending and descending in the same manner. A few feet beyond the bones of the horse, and exactly in the centre of the shaft, the skeleton of an adult female appeared enveloped in sea-weed. Under the neck was a lacrymatory, and on the middle finger of the right hand a key ring. Three feet further we met a layer of human skeletons, laid head to feet, the bones being here in excellent preservation, as indeed we found them to be in all places where the calcareous clay came into immediate contact with them. There were ten adult male skeletons on this spot, and separated

by a foot of clay between each. Five similar layers were found, being fifty in all. I must state that toads and snakes in large numbers were found alive in this part of the pit. We had now reached a depth of forty-two feet in the shaft. The bones of another horse were turned out, and then we came on loose sand to a depth of five feet. Six more skeletons were here again exposed. The sides of the shaft were regular and smooth, the mark of the chisel on the rock being as fresh as when first formed. Six feet more of the loose sand being now taken away, hard bottom could be felt by the steel rod, and there lay two skeletons, male and female, enveloped in sea-weed; and in a large amphora at the corner, which was unfortunately found crushed, were the bones of a child. Some beautiful specimens of pottery, an electrine urn, much broken, lacrymatories, beads, and a few coins, were all I got to repay my labours on this spot. I examined well on every side, and in the rock below, for a trap-door or concealed passage, and an abrupt perpendicular division in the natural strata or layers of calcareous clay appeared to indicate the existence of such, but I found none. Everything during the descent had promised so very favourably, that I fully expected to have found a large chamber leading on from the termination of the shaft; but if such does exist, the discovery of the passage to it utterly baffled all my researches. When the coins I discovered are cleaned, I shall probably be able to fix a date to this wonderful place. The deep fosse, the mode in which the skeletons were found at the bottom, the five discovered immediately above these, the fifty about the centre, and the bones of the horses, are exactly in harmony with the description of Herodotus of the mode in which the Scythian kings were buried. The substance which I have called seaweed, from its bearing a stronger resemblance to that production than anything else I can compare it with, may possibly be the "grass" described by Herodotus as used to envelope the body. If such be the case, the description is in all respects exact. There was now no time to enter upon fresh explorations. Moreover, the Russian authorities, who had arrived with a view of taking possession of the town on our departure, complained that I was disinterring their dead, but this I would say was a gratuitous libel, utterly devoid of foundation, as they themselves were indeed well aware, having paid a visit to the place when the work was carried on. The few remaining days spent at Kertch were passed in revisiting the many other objects of interest which abound in this locality—the Greek church, erected, according to an inscription on a marble pillar, in the year of the world 6265, or 757 of our era, wherein are suspended pictures, probably the earliest productions of Grecian art coeval with the introduction of Christianity into this region. I brought a specimen of the black burning naphtha, just as it flows from its natural fountain beyond Yenikale; and of the sulphurous springs, so strongly impregnated with that substance, that it floats in flakes on the surface of the water. But the mud volcanoes are perhaps the most curious sight in this locality. They are seen in several places, usually on slightly elevated spots, a circular basin of water, from fifteen to one hundred and fifty feet, a cluster of pyramidal-shaped cones, and a total absence of verdure in the places where they are to be found. The surface of the water, which is somewhat of a glutinous nature, being thickly impregnated with the plastic mud, appears to heave and shake. Its centre rises as if some huge animal was about to emerge from the depth below, and ascending at times the height of an ox, it bursts with an explosion. A period of repose follows, and another heave in the water tells of the escape of the gas from the earth at some unfathomable depth below. The pyramidal cones of mud are in several stages of antiquity. Each has a crater through which thick bituminous mud sluggishly bubbles forth; and innumerable small apertures in the earth appear continually, remain active for a few days, and then close, having become choked up

with mud. I have been informed that this gas at times bursts into a flame; a violent commotion follows, and the water boils forth in a huge stream mixed with stones and calcined mud, and the general appearance of the ground around indicates that these violent convulsions of nature do sometimes occur. Much caution is necessary in approaching these volcanoes. The superficial crust of the earth, dried and hardened by the heat of the sun, has an appearance of security, and tempts one to approach nearer than is always prudent. I cut into one of these huge cones, and, when sufficiently close to the crater, tapped it. There was at first a rapid rush of water from above—then a sputtering from below—that portion of the cone above the injured part gradually sunk and disappeared in the crater, and the surface assumed its natural appearance. The fluid flowing from these volcanoes is called by the Russians "neft," and boiled up with sand it forms an admirable pavement. It smells strongly of sulphuretted hydrogen, and doubtless possesses considerable antiseptic property; for the carcase of an unfortunate horse that had sunk into it up to the ears in the month of January, was, in the month of June following, to judge from the appearance of the head, as fresh as on the day it went in. The soil around Kertch is formed of marl and lime, belonging to the new tertiary or diluvial formation. Extensive beds of fossils are found on the coasts. I have discovered no traces of former forests, but garden and forest trees have recently been cultivated in large numbers, and they thrive well. The surface soil is extremely fertile; it rests on a bed of calcareous clay or soft limestone, composed of sand and shell compressed into a hardened mass. The town of Kertch is built of this stone, sawn out of quarries, which extend a long way underground, and are used as pens for cattle and sheep by the Tartars. I have now brought the history of my researches to a close, and regret that it has not been my good fortune to make a more interesting addition to natural and archaeological history. Could my residence in this classical region have been prolonged for a short period, the experience which latterly contributed so much to my success would, doubtless, have led to most interesting discoveries; but on the 20th of June we bade adieu to Kertch, and, so far as England is concerned, to her antiquities for ever.

At the conclusion of his address, Dr. Macpherson was warmly applauded; and a vote of thanks was accorded to him for his very interesting paper. Dr. Macpherson exhibited in the room several hundred specimens of pottery, personal ornaments, vessels of glass, coins, beads, carved ivory, and other objects of interest found in the excavations. There was also exhibited a portion of the wine found in a white glass vessel placed at the head of a chief, whose tomb bore about it the trace of being the resting place of one of the most distinguished of the tribe. A bottle of the pure naphtha from the springs at Yenikale, some of the mud from the volcanoes in the same neighbourhood, and some water from the sulphur springs, were also shown. In some of the tombs Dr. Macpherson found walnuts, and grains of corn and rice, in an astonishing state of perfection. The bodies, as described by that gentleman, were reduced to a fine dust, but in some few instances particles of the wood coffins were traced. The hair and the teeth were in fair preservation, and the jaw bones and the femur, especially those dug out of the clay, are still tolerably sound.

VARIETIES.

North Oxfordshire Archaeological Society.—The members of this society had their annual excursion on Thursday and Friday in week before last, in conjunction with the members of the Worcester Diocesan Architectural Society. The North Oxon members halted for a short time at Swalcliffe, and after inspecting the church, proceeded to Brailles, where they were joined by the members of the Worcester Society. After a visit to the church,

the whole party started for Compton Wyniat, the residence of the Marquis of Northampton. They were here cordially received by Lord A. Compton, who conducted them over the mansion, and showed them the various objects of interest with which it abounds, adding various explanations. The church was next visited, and the party then went on to Tysoo Church, and from thence to the Sun Rising, at Edge Hill, where they were met by Colonel North. Here the party dined. Warmington was the next halting-place; the church here was visited, and one of the Worcester gentlemen gave a short account of a curious portion of the edifice, supposed to have been used by a recluse. After visiting Shotton, the party returned to Banbury. A meeting was held in the Vicarage-hall in the evening. The Rev. T. Chamberlain, Vicar of St. Thomas's, Oxford, read a paper 'On the Restoration of Chancels and Churches.' This was followed by one from the Hon. F. Lygon, 'On Mediaeval Monuments—especially Brasses,' rubbings of which were hung round the hall. Mr. Faulkner, of Deddington, made a few remarks on the necessity of preserving the brasses in churches. Friday's excursion included Adderbury, Deddington, Somerton, Watton-on-the-Green, Middleton Stoney, Wendlebury, Alchester, and Bicester.—*Builder.*

Norfolk and Norwich Archaeological Society.—This society had their annual summer excursion on Wednesday. The members met at the Town-hall, Great Yarmouth, at half past 10, and shortly afterwards commenced a journey through the adjoining hundreds of East and West Flegg, one of the most fertile districts of Norfolk. They visited in succession Caistor Castle, a picturesque and venerable ruin, the stronghold of Sir John Falstolf in the 15th century, and the parish churches of Filby, Burgh, Martham, Ormesby, &c. Observations were offered at the various points of interest by several members; and, the weather being delightfully fine, the pleasures of the day were without alloy. At five in the afternoon the party returned to Yarmouth, and a public dinner took place in the Town-hall. The mayor of the borough (Mr. C. J. Palmer) closed the proceedings of the day by a *soirée* at his residence.—*Times.*

ROUND THE CORNER.

ROUND the corner waiting—
What will people say?
If you wish to see me
There's a proper way.
Village tongues are ever
Ready with remark;
Eyes are at the casement
If a dog but bark.
Round the corner waiting—
What will people say?
If you wish to see me
There's a proper way.

When the Church hath bound us,
Link'd two hearts in one,
I shall care but little
How their tongues rail on:
But until the bridal,
Never let them find
Aught to cause me blushes—
Hurt my peace of mind!
Round the corner waiting—
What will people say?
Manly hearts should ever
Take a manly way.

Fifty things are stated,
Things you'd ne'er suppose,
If but something secret
In a neighbour shows:
Boldly take the pathway
And their lips are stay'd;
All are quick to censure
If you seem afraid!
Round the corner waiting—
What will people say?
If you wish to see me
There's a proper way!

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Now, when the system is diseased, it is the first grand object to set all these functions at work, both to expel Disease, and to restore the Health.

The bowels must be opened, cleansed, soothed, and strengthened, the urine must be made to flow healthfully and naturally, and to throw off the impurities of the blood; the liver and stomach must be regulated; and above all the

PORES

must be opened, and the skin made healthy. These things done, and Nature will go to her work, and ruddy health will sit smiling upon the cheek, and

LIFE WILL BE AGAIN A LUXURY.

We will suppose the case of a person afflicted with a bilious complaint. His head aches, his appetite is poor, his bones and back ache, he is weak and nervous, his complexion is yellow, the skin dry, and his tongue furred. He goes to a doctor for relief, and is given a dose of medicine to purge him freely, and he gets some temporary relief.

BUT HE IS NOT CURED!

In a few days the same symptoms return, and the same old purge is administered; and so on, until the poor man becomes a martyr to heavy, drastic purgatives. Now, what would be the

TRUE PRACTICE

In such a case? What the practice that Nature herself points out? Why to rest in healthy operation ALL the means that NATURE possesses to throw out of the system the causes of disease. The bowels must of course be evacuated, but the work is not begun AT THIS STAGE OF THE DISEASE. The kidneys must be prompted to do their work, for they have a most important work to do; the stomach must be cleansed; and above all, the pores must be relieved and enabled to throw off the secretions which ought to pass off through them. We repeat that by

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